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No. 381

OUR DEAD

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

There are graves over hillside and valley
Where sleep our beautiful dead,
And the sentinel marbles are keeping
Guard o'er each low-lying head.
There are graves in the dreary desert,
And graves on the lone seashore,
And many a dear one is sleeping
Under the ocean's roar.

As the day fades into its twilight
Our loved ones pass to their rest
And we see them, lying all peaceful
With folded hands on their breast,
Believing that death is life's evening,
And after the long, sweet night
They will wake in a fairer morning
Than has dawned on mortal sight.

Rest in your graves, oh, dear ones!
Sweet be your sleep, oh, dead!
Life with its cares made you weary—
Death gave you quiet instead.
Rest, while we miss you and whisper
Some thought at the twilight of you.
For always, oh, dear ones, we miss you,
And always to you will be true.

"Richard is Himself Again."

The Velvet Hand:

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCK THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

DICK TAKES A HAND IN THE FUN. 'STRING up the derned heathen!" yelled Yuba Bill, adjusting the noose round the neck of the affrighted Chinaman.

'Oh, lemme kick the sawdust outen him first, me lord dook!" cried Bowers, who was

nothing if not theatrical. 'Go easy, gents!" exclaimed Doc Slater, who headed the crowd gathered round the end of the rope, ready to run the unfortunate hea then up to the tree-branch. "Just give us the the hands of the Vigilantes

'Me alle same Melican man; no hobbe, how

can!" sputtered the celestial. "Shut up yer yaup!" yelled sweet William Yuba, in the same dulcet strains with which he was wont, when on a "tare," and taking possession of the street, to proclaim that he was monarch of all he surveyed, which he generally was until some quiet miner got tired of his "foolin'," and sailed into him with a club, thereby producing order in War-

Oh! men and brothers, has it come to this that we air a-gwine to be ruined by Chines cheap labor?" howled Bowers, wildly; "and he held three aces, which was an immoral possi-'cos I had two on 'em up my own sleeve myself, an' the moment the heathen showed his hand, three aces, an' claimed the pile, I sed, 'thar's been cheatin' 'round this hyer board!

All ready?" cried Yuba. "Ye ho! and up he goes!" responded the Doc, and he and his gang began to pull on the rope, when the sudden and unexpected arrival of Velvet Hand interrupted the pro-

'Halloa! what's the matter?" he cried "Mind yer own business!" replied Yuba, savagely, and in supreme contempt; and as for Joe Bowers, who had only arrived in Cinnabar during the preceding night, he stared with open mouth at the velvet sport.

'Go 'long, an' don't interrupt the fun!" was Doc Slater's suggestion. "This ain't any of your funeral!" Colonel Tom Pipkin ejaculated, loftily.

None of my business, eh?" cried Velvet

Hand, taking a couple of strides toward the ing to hang the heathen. fellows who had hold of the rope. Yes, of course," Doc No, sir-ee!" Doc responded, and he let go

of the rope to feel for his six-shooter. But before he could get his hand on the weapon, the sport had him by the throat, and unceremonious manner in which he chucked the renowned horse-thief over his head and tumbled him to the ground, completely demoralized, took all notion of fight of the crowd. It was plainly evident that the velvet sport knew how to handle him-

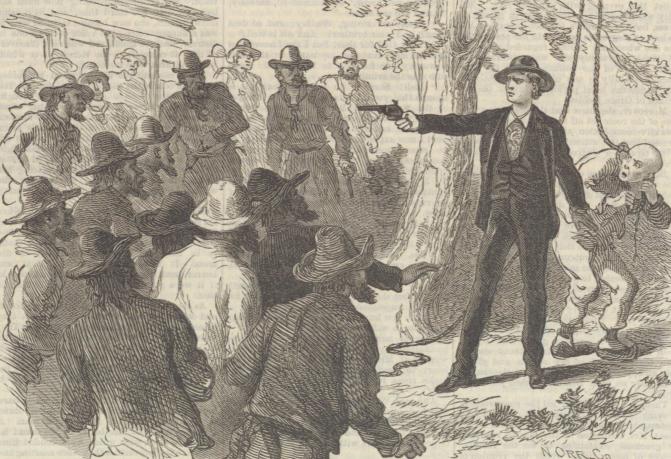
And, with the letting go of the rope, down

came the celestial all in a heap.

A nickel-plated revolver glistened in Velvet Hand's white fingers, and not a man in the crowd cared to test the marksmanship of the

sharp.
"This is the only washee-washee in the town that can do up a shirt fit for a gentle-man to wear, and I'm not going to stand by and see him abused! Now what is the trouble? Dick Velvet cried.

Pardner, lemme explain!" Joe Bowers re plied, with becoming dignity. "This hyer yaller cuss, fat an' ugly, has a-bin a-playin' it He kem with the washin', he did, for the noble ladies that reside in yonder doocal name is-?" mansion," and Bowers pointed to the shanty from whence the crowd had emerged, the cele- where!" Dick replied, carelessly.



A nickel-plated revolver glistened in Velvet Hand's white fingers, and not a man cared to test his marksmanship.

brated Break o' Day saloon, notoriously the worst place of the kind in the town. "The worst place of the kind in the town. John had the rocks; wid me own two lookin' eyes I see'd 'em! We invited him fur to of the rope, ready to run the unfortunate heather that the kerds. Games, he sed, he then up to the tree-branch. "Just give us the word when you are ready, and we'll fix the word when you are ready, and we'll fix the critter! We'll teach him to play roots on us free white men, the durned saffron-colored son to take him in, but we slipped upon it; he took to take him in, but we slipped upon it; he took to accept the proffered hospitality of Dick, and "Hyer I am, Dave!" answered his partner, "Hyer I am, Dave!" answered his par of Confucious!" Doc was a scholar, if he us in, he did! He flaxed us right outen our as he followed the crowd into the Occidental, was the cutest horse-thief that had ever escaped boots; he won our ducats—four dollars an' a ivated the queens; we got him whar his ha'r was short, an' we slung out our pile an' went for him lively; and what was the result? I weep when I think of it! He saw us every time, an' arter all our shekels were up, we called for a sight, and he had three aces and two kings! Whar is our boasted civilization ef sich things kin be, an' overcome us like summer cloud without our special wonder! We went fur him! W'at we couldn't get by cunning we took by force; an' then we calc'lated to swing him up, jes' fur greens, but you hev played a full hand on us, an' raked the

pile. 'Boys, I wouldn't interfere with your fun for the world," Dick replied, perfectly serious, "but put yourself in my place. This John is the only man in town who can do up a ruffled shirt. If you hang him, where is my washee washee to come from, eh?"

The crowd shook their heads; the question

was a conundrum, and they gave it up.
"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do, boys; call it square on the heathen—you've cleaned him out anyway-and I'll stand two rounds of drinks at the Occidental bar!" 'Bully for you!" cried Bowers, joyfully

"that's a heap sight better nor hangin' the The majority of the crowd agreed with the

bummer; but the Doc, who had been so roughly handled, Yuba Bill and Col. Pipkin ob 'No, no!" Bill cried, doggedly; "we're go

Yes, of course," Doc added. "Certainly!" the colonel assented.

"You are not going to hang him!" and Velvet Hand spoke firmly, as with a single motion he threw the noose from the Chinaman "Scoot !" Hop-Ling-Ki did not wait for a second bid-

ding, but sped away up the street as fleetly, almost, as a grayhound. And not one of the crowd dared to follow

him, no matter how great the desire, as long as the velvet sport was to the fore, the revolver gleaming in his hands. The heathen disappeared around the corner of a shanty, and then the preserver turned to

the three men, who stood, scowling, together. "Now, gentlemen, if I've trod on any of your oes, Im ready to give you all the satisfaction that you may require. Don't be bashful about speaking. I'll take you one at a time or two together, or three, or I'll fight the whole crowd

"Hol' on, me noble dook!" cried Bowers, Bowers re-"This hyer You acted bully, and it does me proud to say so! Say, sport, if these aged eyes do not deceive me, I hav' seen you somewhar afore; your

"Oh, I don't think you ever saw me any-

"Oh, yes, I hev; and I knows you-knows | you like a book, me noble count! You kin run this town, ef you want to fur all me."

The three discontented men had taken adclump of bushes which had plainly broken his

half of mine he corraled, an' then all on us happened to glance down the street and there went in to get hunk. We put up a job on beheld Blanche del Colma, half concealed be him—Yuba carbined the kings, I yanked two aces, the Doc got the jacks, Col. Pipkin salit was plain that she had been attracted by the noise of the hanging match, and had witnessed the whole affair.

"Gambler and bully combined! A nice opinion she will have of me!" Dick muttered.

CHAPTER V.

BUCK OF ANGELS. As Velvet Hand entered the hotel he en countered a stranger in the entry; a tall, brawny-built fellow, roughly dressed, miner-There was just about light enough in the passageway to enable him to discover this

much in regard to the man, and that was all. "Say, stranger, where kin I find a doctor round?" asked the man, hastily. as jest been h'isted over his horse's head down vonder, an' I'm mightily skeered lest his durn ed neck's broken; leastway, I 'spect he's pretty

"Certainly," answered the sharp, readily; where is he?"

"Oh, a leetle piece down the road. We were a-comin' up from Angels, an' my partner had bin a-h'istin' in more p'ison than he oughter, an' he rode his mule—like a durned galoot right over a bowlder, an' the brute 'ared up, an' then he pitched t'other end sky ward an' sent my partner outen his saddle like a blamed old sky-rocket, an' if his neck ain't u'sted it will jest be a wonder!"

"Go ahead: we'll fetch him up to the hotel, and I guess I can scare up a doctor round the

The man led the way straight through the otel to the back door and out into the street, while Velvet Hand followed, close behind. "He's right down thar, jest round the bend,

ahind them air bushes," the fellow explained,

as he hurried along the road.

And now that Velvet Hand got a good view f the man's face, he saw—as he had thought that he was a total stranger to him. vas not a particularly good-looking chap, and f the Cinnabar man had chanced to meet him alone on a dark road and at a dark hour, he

and had his weapons handy. "I'm from Angels, I am," the stranger in formed his volunteer nurse; "Joe Smith of Angels, an' my pardner's Dave Buck. Mebbe you've heern tell on Dave? He's jest the finest card-sharp in Northern Californy.

"No, I never heard of him," Velvet Hand replied, but "in his mind's eye, Horatio," he determined that if Mr. David Buck's neck had not been dislocated by his unpremeditated downfall -and gentle Providence generally protects the helpless devotee of jolly Bacchus -he would speedily ascertain by what right

the man from Angels held such a reputation As the twain hurried round the bend in the road their ears were saluted with a strange discord of groans and curses.

It was very evident that Buck of Angels was

hurrying up to him; "an' this hyer gent has been kind enough fur to come all the way from the Occidental fur to help you. Whar are ye

All over," growled the prostrate man. "Blame my eyes! of I think that I've got a whole bone left in my body. Ef you air ary friend of mine, jes' cuss that blamed mule till you're black in the face."

Do you think that you can walk?" asked Velvet Hand, approaching the prostrate man and kneeling down by his side. The Cinnabar sport quickly decided that the "pride of An els" was more frightened than hurt, and that the strong liquor, so noted a product of the Bar," which Mr. Buck evidently had been argely imbibing, kad more to do with his inability to walk than any shock he had received

'As quiet a mule as I ever see'd, too!" Joe Smith explained, and in truth the gray beast grazing peacefully by the roadside, seemed gentleness itself.

"Wa-al, stranger, ef you would be so kind badly hurt. Mebbe you might be willing to as to gi'n me a bit of a lift, mebbe I could walk give a feller a lift with him up as far as the a leetle," Buck admitted.

Velvet Hand, bending over the fellow, took old of him under the arms, while Buck grasp

ed the Cinnabar man's shoulders, grunting with pain as he moved. Velvet Hand half raised the fellow from the

round. Buck got a fair hold with his feet on the earth, and then, suddenly exerting his strength, gave a twist that tossed the Cinnabar nan-who was totally unprepared for such a hing-over on his back.

And the moment that Velvet Hand's shoullers fairly touched the ground, the other felw sprung upon him.

Then out from the clump of bushes came a third man, who also assailed the prostrate Crushed to earth, despite his struggles, the

three men, with stout lariats evidently provided for the emergency, bound Velvet Hand securely, first dextrously muffling his head in a thick Mexican scarf, to make any alarm imossible.

But the cool and acute sharp had never for a moment thought of crying out for help Accustomed to wholly depend upon himself to call for assistance was foreign to his na-

ertainly would have given him a wide berth The moment that the Cinnabar man wa fairly on his back the truth flashed upon him he had been entrapped. Buck of Angels was a fraud.

Why they had selected Velvet Hand he was at a loss to guess. What foe in the Shasta land was bold enough for such a plan of ven-

His assailants were taking particular care not to harm him. They had trussed him hand and foot, like a turkey ready for the roasting. If his life was sought, one good blow would have settled the matter.

Once securely bound, the assailants lifted him carefully from the ground; Buck of Angels mounted the gray mule; Velvet Hand was seated on the saddle before him, the other ruf-

fians taking care to lash him securely to their

companion, and then off they set.

The eyes of the surprised man were securely bandaged, but his hearing was not impaired, and therefore he was somewhat surprised to note that no words were exchanged between the three strangers during or after the attack. Evidently the scheme had been carefully planned in advance in all its details, but what was its meaning?

Onward the party went at a rapid pace, turning aside from the main trail a short di-tance on and striking into a "blind" path which wound through the shrubbery, running almost parallel with the road, but about a quarter of a mile south of it.

For thirty minutes at least the party proceeded on their way, and the captured man readily understood that ne was being conveyed to some secure retreat; but, being as familiar with all the Shasta region as any native red brave, he did not doubt that when the bandage was removed from his eyes he would be able to recognize the locality to which he had been

Velvet Hand could hear the rustling of the pine needles as the party forced their way through the narrow passage, the trail of the night beasts of prey, and then easily distinguished the difference when the hoofs of the mule trod on the uncovered lava rock, and then, when the air grew thick around him, and he missed the breath of the free winds, he guessed that he had been conveyed into some nountain cavern.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEARFUL ALTERNATIVE.

THE beast was halted, the prisoner removed from his back and seated upon a soft couch; then the scarf was taken from his head—and once again Velvet Hand was permitted to en-

joy the privilege of his eyesight.

He looked around him. As he had anticipated he was in a cavern deep in the bosom of the mountain.

A few tallow candles, stuck in crevices in the walls, dimly lighted up the scene. Three men beside himself were in the apartment, and each and every one of the three had

carefully hidden his face under a black mask.

The road-agents -for the Cinnabar man guessed they were such—were all armed—in

fact, fairly bristled with weapons.

Through their black masks their gleaming eyes shone, and Velvet Hand fancied that they

all looked threateningly upon him.

The road-agents were seated upon elevated tive had been placed upon a skin couch upon the floor, so that the three looked down like judges in council.

You are the Cinnabar sharp called Velvet Hand?' the tallest road-agent said; he sat in the center and seemed to be the chief of the He was the one who had been conceal ed in the bushes and whose face the captive had not seen.

Velvet Hand looked inquiringly upon the gleaming eyes, shining through the holes in the black mask when the man spoke; it might be only fancy, yet the prisoner would have sworn that the owner of the voice was no

"Richard Velvet is my name, and I am sometimes called Velvet Hand," the prisoner "Well, we have taken considerable pains to

secure an interview with you."
"I should suppose so," Velvet Hand dryly

"We have long desired to make your acmaintance. "And as we deemed it improbable that you

would accept an invitation to visit us in our mountain home, we took measures to compel ou to come 'The game is yours; I 'pass,'" Velvet Hand

swered, in short parlane "Probably you are a little mixed as to why we have taken all this trouble?" 'Quite correct."

We were anxious to make your acquaintance; and had an idea we might be mutually useful to each other." "No sabe," responded the sharp, tersely.

"You don't understand?"

" No, sir." "Do you know who we are?"

"Well, I think I can guess."
"We are men of liberal ideas; there is alto-

gether too much inequality in this world; some men have too much money, others not enough; we propose to strike a balance.' At the muzzle of a revolver, eh?" "Correct!"

"Or the point of a bowie-knife, we ain't 'ticular to a shade!" put in the road-agent on the right, and in his hearse tones the Cinnabar sharp recognized the voice of Buck of 'And as you are a man who does business

something after our fashion, we didn't know but what you might feel inclined to join teams with us. I am Captain Death, and these are the road-agents of Shasta. We own all the roads south of Yreka, and we intend to collect toll from everybody that travels over them. provided the pilgrims are well fixed and ain't

too heafty on the fight. Velvet Hand nodded to signify that he un-derstood, and the longer he listened to the voice of the road-agent the more he became convinced that Captain Death was no stranger to the Occidental Hotel and the streets of Cin

nabar. "Come, Velvet Hand, you are the very man

we want," Captain Death continued. "We want one more in our band, and you are the very man to fill the bill. I'm told that you are not afraid of man or devil, that you are as good a pistol-shot as there is in the Shasta valley, and as you rob men now at cards, why, it will be right in your line to change the 'papers' for the revolver."

rs' for the revolver."
"I beg your pardon!" cried Velvet Hand,
ortly, "but you have made a slight miske," and there was a gleam of anger in his
rk eyes as he spoke. "I have never robbed shortly, dark eyes as he spoke. anybody yet at cards; I try to play as fair a game as I know how, unless I get in with a lot of thieves, and then if they try to cheat me it is only fair, I take it, to turn the tables upon them.

"Oh, yes, I understand all about that!" Captain Death exclaimed, abruptly. "I never knew a gambler yet that didn't play on the square. Men of your trade are not as honest as we road-agents. We own up to skinning our game when you cry honesty, but it's all a matter of words, and we won't quarrel about it. What do you say new? Will you join the band of Captain Death?"

"What are the inducements?" Velvet Hand asked, in his quiet way.

"All booty will be divided into five parts; one share to each of the band and two to the captain. The captain-myself-to plan the obs and receive unqualified obedience from the members of the band."

"That is I must obey any order that you may give whether it suits me or not."

'And who guarantees me against being shot by the troops, or a well-heeled passenger, of from being hung by some vigilance commit tee?" Velvet Hand demanded.

The road-agents looked at each other, and then Captain Death burst into a hoarse laugh. 'Oho, my fine fellow, you must take your

chances on that.' "I reckon I won't chip in!" Velvet Hand re-"I'm not used to following any man's lead but my own, and, least of all, going blind. Im very much obliged for your flat-tering offer, and when your time comes to be hung I'll travel a hundred miles to say good-by to any one of you.

The road-agents glared ominously at the bold speaker. 'This is your final decision?" demanded Cap-

tain Death, angrily. You can bet all your rocks on it!" Velvet Hand replied, boldly. "I'm no man's dog, and when I do choose a master it won't be one who travels with a halter around his neck.

"Bold words, considering that you are a helpless prisoner in our hands!" the road-agent leader cried.

"I generally speak my mind wherever am."
"Well, since you have refused our offer, nov hear our little game!" Captain Death added.
"We have got you foul and we intend to make something out of you. You're the king cardsharp of Cinnabar, and I reckon that you mus have feathered your nest pretty well; now we propose to make you shell out. How much are you worth-ten thousand dollars?

"I reckon that I ain't." "Five thousand then?"

"Yes, I guess I can touch that figure." "Good! write us an order on your banker for five thousand dollars; I'll send and have it cashed, and when the messenger returns you

"Oh. I reckon that I won't do that," Velvet Hand said, coolly. "If you won't sign freely we shall be com

pelled to use unpleasant means," returned the road-agent. "We'll give you one hour to think the matter over, and then, if you still persist in your refusal, we'll slice off about an inch of your right ear; then another hour to consider the matter, and if you are still obsti-nate a similar slice off the left ear, and so on until both ears are gone, and then we'll com mence on your fingers. They call you Velvet Hand, I believe, because you have such a light, ly touch: we'll cure you of that if yo hold out long enough, and then your pards can call you 'stumps.' Come on, boys, we'll leave this high-toned gentleman to solitary reflect And the road-agents withdrew to an outer

apartment of the mountain cavern. (To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

TO MA BELLE

BY E. L. W.

Like the gentle summer breeze
On its way to sunset sea,
Unseen in its harmonies,
Is the thought of thee: omething gentle, sweet and rare, Even as the perfumes are.

Her Husband's Friend.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

"WINIFRED, I wish you would dress yourself as becomingly as possible to-night. I have promised to call with you upon a friend," Mr. Arlington said to his wife, as they entered the handsome dining-room of their hotel and passed down it smiling and bowing to their acquaint-

What friend, Jamesie?" Mrs. Arlington asked, shaking out her napkin.

"Grace Holden."
Over Winifred Arlington's face passed a shade of pain or displeasure, as she turned her searching eyes upon her husband. Great, gray eyes they were, and slightly gloomy now, as she answered, rather coldly:

'May I ask why you desire me to visit that woman who, you know, is an object of su-

preme indifference to me?" I am sorry that you take that tone, Winifred," Mr. Arlington responded, somewhat sternly. "Knowing that Grace Holden is a dear friend of mine, it seems to me that you might care a little to cultivate her acquaint-ance. At all events, she has come to live at the St. Cloud, and I have promised to take you there to night to see her. And if you desire to please me you will make some effort to keep up a future polite if not a cordial inter-

course with her.'
"And I am to arrange my toilet with especial care, that your 'dear friend' may be moved to approval of your wife"—with a faint flavor of irony.

"Grace is anxious to know and love you; and I am sure she will appreciate your exquisite taste in dress," Mr. Arlington explained, adding: "it is very likely that we may meet Dennis Mitchell there this evening.

"Miss Holden seems to be a great favorite of

She is equally a favorite with women, my dear, who view her with unprejudiced eyes."

Mrs. Arlington flushed slightly under this rebuke to her covert disparagement of her husband's friend; but she inwardly, with each to love."

word of Mr. Arlington's in her praise, grew less and less inclined to be just toward the voman whom she believed he must once have dearly loved. If there was any one disagreeably prominent fault that Winifred Arlington possessed, it was jealousy; but she was too sensible and conventionally self-controlled to allow this passion to often sway her; only in regard to her husband, whom she adored, was she unable to curb the tormenting demon. She had met and become engaged to Mr. Arlington in France. Two years afterward, when she returned to her home, to prepare for her marriage, she had heard of her betrothed's intimacy with this Grace Holden. To her question oncerning the lady, he had answered:

"I have known her almost a lifetime, and think her one of the sweetest women on earth.' Instantly Winifred's jealous love resented uch praise awarded to another woman by the man who was to make her his wife; and this eeling was intensified when the two met, oriefly, at Winifred's wedding, and the bride discovered that Grace was wondrously lovely and noted the almost reverential devotion with which the bridegroom bent over her little

Mrs. Arlington was glad that before her re-turn from her wedding-tour Miss Holden had eft town for two years of travel abroad; and now the first disturbing element of her married happiness arose with this jealous displeasure bat the lady had again taken up her abode in the same city.

It had scarcely needed Mr. Arlington's exressed desire that his wife should make her ilet this evening with especial care. nly was Winifred a true artist in regard to ress, but her woman's instinct prompted her look as elegant as possible in the presence of the one whom she secretly regarded as a sort of rival. Certainly she was admirable in every detail of her costume, when she sunk back gracefully in one of the satin chairs of the handsome hotel parlor, to await the en

rance of Grace Holden.

Moreover, she knew that the prevailing rosy ue of the room set off to advantage her color ess olive complexion, and that her posture ex-oressed just the attitude she meant to assume vith Grace—a degree of indifferent conde-

But, when Grace came swiftly, lightly along the velvet-covered corridor, and into the salon-her tiny, slight figure draped in a trail of thite grenadine, with dainty lavender bows leftly disposed about her costume and holding fast her magnificence of yellow hair that was braided down her back—there was an easy grace in her manners that entirely disregarded any perceptible hauteur on her guest's par sustained her as mistress of the situation. "Good-evening to you both," she said, smil-

ngly, as she advanced, "and especially to you dear Mrs. Arlington. I am very glad to neet you. It was very nice of Mr. Arlington to bring you. I told him this morning that I should be serely displeased if he failed to do o, for I have felt rather guilty that I have en here nearly two weeks without sending nim earlier word of my return, and giving you an opportunity to come;" and she chatted pleasantly on until Dennis Mitchell joined the

Then, too, she brightly led the conversation roving herself a charmingly entertaining ostess, cleverly engaging the elegant but rather ilent Mrs. Arlington in the flow of repartee, or graciously explaining to her the reminis nces of merry times which the reunion of erself and her two old friends called forth.

Cannot you help us to make a party for ne races to-morrow afternoon?" asked Mr. Ar agton of Grace, as they arose to separate Dennis intends going, and Winnie has always esired visiting Jerome Park."
"Thank you, I should enjoy doing so, ex-

eedingly; but cannot tell you, definitely, be-

ore the morning."
"Very well. I will stop as I go up-town, and take you to lunch with us if you can go.
Try to arrange it so that you can," he an-

When the good-nights had been said, Winired's rankling pain found slight expres ion in her scornful voice, as she questioned:
"And what do you think of this rather for ward paragon of a friend of my husband's, Mr.

The tall, handsome gentleman glanced swift y at his friend, and saw the faint shadow o ain that flitted across Mr. Arlington's face Nor could he fail to understand the secret re realed by Mrs. Arlington's tones. But it was not for him to make known her husband's past ife, with which Grace Holden stood so strangeclosely connected.

'I have always thought that Wordsworth's

lines, ... A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command, night well have been written of Grace Ho!

"But you must acknowledge," said Wini fred, determined to maintain her position alone since her husband and friend both stood so loyally by her rival's standard, "that she is far too inferior in physique to suggest such

Ordinarily the lady would not have made a emark in such ill-taste, she herself being oticeably tall and commanding of stature out she was thoroughly piqued at the adniration which she was determined not to nderstand.

"Perhaps you are correct in that criticism: is rather surprising what a wonderful amount character animates that small woman, Dennis agreed, laughingly. He really had always admired Arlington's wife, and regretted incerely the unpleasantness she was feeling to-

vard her husband's friend. The next day M ss Holden was Mrs. Arlington's guest at luncheon; but the meeting be tween them would congeal into formality—despite Grace's vivacity—here, where the latter ady could assume her own prerogatives as a sostess. When the meal was over, while Miss Holden waited in the parlor, and Winifred had run up to her room to put the finishing touches to her handsome toilet, Mr. Arling ton joined his friend, and found her leaning her brow wearily against a dark bronze upo the mantle.

She turned swiftly—a worn, sorrowful look in her violet eyes, and about her trembling

"James, is your wife going to dislike use." Must I always be lonely? Am I never to have friends?" she asked, impetuously.

It was the first time that James Arlington had heard a wail from this woman's brave heart, and it fairly convulsed his features with the pain of the wound it gave him. And to think that I am to blame for this,

he said, with bitter self-reproach. Instantly his tone, and a reckless gleam that came into his eyes, restored Grace to her calm self-repression.

"Hush!" she answered him; "all will come right in time. I shall yet find some one

Winifred swept into the room.
"Here is Mr. Mitchell; and if Miss Holden has finished her discussion of love with my hus-

band, we will go," she answered, coldly.

The eloquent blood rushed to Grace's cheeks but she met Mrs. Arlington's glance, steadily, as she replied:

"I cannot say that any discussion upon that subject which Mr. Arlington and I have had is ended, but the mere interruption of change of place will not interfere with it," and, sumr ng Mr. Mitchell to give her his arm, Miss Holden calmly went to her place in the carriage-little dreaming in what peace to her sore heart this drive should result. The day was perfect, and the stand crowded

with a fashionable, gay, excited throng. Under the magnetic influence of the weather and surroundings the perceptible chill which had fallen upon the Arlington party was, for the time, dissipated. At the close of the races they made their way, laughing and talking, to ward their carriage. Waiting upon the plat-form for its arrival, a sudden exclamation from Grace startled them all. "Good God! Stanley Arlington!"

Three faces in that group suddenly blanched and the stranger, who stood as if struck dumb by this sudden encounter, was as marble-pale is his brother, and friend, and Miss Holden. Grace was the first to speak again, with almost miraculous self-possession assuming the control of the strange scene; though there was an awing revelation of love in the way she nestled her gloved hand into his, saying:

"You have come back to stay, Stanley?" 'Then you know," he commenced, hoarsely,

"I know everthing, Stanley; and so does Dennis and your brother! And all is well!" "Thank God for that! but I shall never feel that the stain is not on my name, or that it is a worthy one for you to bear, until I learn

ho was the criminal." "Hush! Stanley, do not say that. It is ough that you have been cleared in the eyes the world, that Mr. Wyndham's wound proved very slight, and the forged check was de good, and that the offender has a thou sand times expiated his sin in the sincerity of his repentance. And I, oh! Stanley, cannot guess how I have suffered-waiting for

ou to return?" "My precious, loyal wife," he breathed, with unutterable tenderness; and in the midst of the crowd he touched his lips reverently to her

"Is it possible," exclaimed James Arlington ringing his brother's hand, "that Grace was Yes. We were married the night before

I went away; I had come to tell you so, Grace put her hand over her husband's

outh; but she was powerless to prevent his rother's impetuous outbreak: Then you have the noblest woman in Gods

orld for a wife! and I am-"Never mind what you are," said Grace,

"here is your carriage. onder if Mrs. Arlington will find it in her eart to pardon this peculiar reunion and ake room for my husband as well as my

Although Winifred did not understand much that had 'ranspired she was conscious of the wrong she had done Stanley Arlington's wife, and held out her hand in a silent apology; and Grace placed hers within it as a seal of par-

But the next day that silent avowal of unerstanding between the two women was a ndred times ratified, when Winifred Arlingn walked swiftly into her sister-in law' om and took her in her arms, and kissed her

onately, crying: 'Grace, you are the dearest woman in the

'James has told you—?"

"Everything! Of his temptation, and for-ry, and frenzied shot a Mr. Wyndham; and Stanley's rash flight when wrongly suspectof it all; and how you, with Dennis Mitchl's help, robly saved my husband from the insequences of his sins and led him toward new life—though through him you had est your love. And, now, I know that it was o save James worse remorse that you never oke of your marriage. Oh! Grace, how can

e love you enough?"
"How, indeed?" asked James Arlington, folwing his wife into the room, with his arm ocked in that of his brother. "I could not accept your bearing the burden of my secret Grace. Winifred and Stanley know all: and have forgiven all!"

"Yes, my darling; and, thank God, we two men, who because of the Arlington traits of weakness in our blood have made your life so long bitter and lonely, will be strong and worthy, henceforth, because of the strength wherewith you have saved us," said Stanley,

Grace only bowed her lovely head in joy leep and unutterable, while Winifred whis

God bless you, my husband's friend.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY MARY REED.

Oh, bury me in the morning, When the sun is shining bright; Bear me out to my narrow grave, In the new day's rosy light.

Let no cold, unmeaning sermon O'er my lifeless form be said— Send your silent prayer to Heaven Bending over my clay-made bed. Simply read that loving message

Where Christ bids the weary come; Read it not from lofty pulpit— But above my lowly tomb.

Sing a low, sweet song of parting As my coffin d form sinks down And for benediction murmur: is, Savior, take thy own!'

The Giant Rifleman:

Wild Life in the Lumber Regions. BY OLL COOMES. AUTHOR OF "SURE-SHOT SETH," "DAKOTA DAN,"
"RED ROB, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

A HEROIC GIRL'S FIGHT FOR LIFE. An August sun, almost sultry hot, shone from a clear sky, while not a branch of air was

moving. Silent and dreary lay the Blue Marsh in the heart of the great woods. Deserted and silent seemed the lonely hut of the old cranberrypicker; and yet the door stood ajar, and as the you tell me what your name is? and where you sun crossed the zenith, the old man and his reside?' pretty grandchild, Ida Zane, emerged from "I li the hut, and walked slowly down the green slope to the creek, where lay two indian Berry; but my name is Ida Zane. Grandpa give up their feast, made a fierce battle for it, and would doubtless have come out victorious

a willow basket, for they were on their way to the marsh for whortleberries-this crop nov being ripe.

Each one took a canoe, and after paddling down the stream some distance, Ida landed on one side and her grandfather on the other. The former tied up her canoe, then turning, walked out into the low bushes that wer laden with their dark, luscious berries, and began her labor. Her little fingers darted here and there among the bushes with a dexterity that could only come of practice. Now and then she paused to eat a berry, or to glance around her to relieve her head of its dizziness, and her eyes of the blur superinduced by the excessive heat.

Not a breath of air stirred the bushes, nor passed over wood or swamp. Not a sound save the twitter of birds, that had come to feast on the purple berries, broke the stillness of the

But busily pretty Ida Zane picked away. An hour or more had passed; her basket was half filled, when suddenly a faint sound, like a far-off human voice, fell upon her ears. eased her labor, and tipping her hat back upon her neck, she pressed her berry-stained finger to her lips, as if to invoke deeper silence around her. Thus she listened for some time; but she heard nothing, and all she could see was a few vultures, wheeling and circling in the air, over the woods to the south of the marsh. But this was a very common sight, and she thought nothing of it, until she again heard that sound so closely resembling a human voice. She continued listening now until she had heard it the third time, and as it came more distinct, she now became satisfied that it was a human voice—the voice of some one in distress; and she shuddered when she discovered that it came from the vicinity over which

those vultures were hovering. For a moment the maiden stood undecided as to the course she should pursue, for she felt satisfied some one was in distress. The thought of deception never entered her young mind, and her heart became touched with anxious sympathy for the author of those feeble cries. She looked for her grandfather, to ask his advice in the matter; but he was out of sight among the bushes, and so she concluded to lose no time in hunting him up, but placing her basket in her canoe she started for the woods fast as her little feet would carry

She ran on until nearly out of breath, when she stopped to listen, for the overshadowing treetops now concealed her guide—the buzzards rom view. She had not long to wait; plainy to her ears came that sad cry of dis-It filled her breast with fear and horror, and yet it drew her on and on, as if it were possessed of some terrible fascina-

As the little berry-picker advanced deeper and deeper into the woods, other sounds than those of human suffering became audible. They were the gibbering and snarling of wolverines and the shriek of vultures. With her heart in her throat, brave little Ida moved on—on until a frightful, startling scene burst upon her view-a scene from which she recoiled in

In the center of a little opening, on a bare, stony ridge, where the boiling sun beat down unobstructed, lay the form of a man. A great stone was at his back; in his hand he clutched a stick with which he defended hime.f from the wolverines that were snarling and skirmishing around him. His head was bare, and the hair all matted with gore. His face vas streaked with blood, and were a look of agony that could only have come of long sufering. His clothing was tattered and torn as t by the teeth of the wolverines; and, taken altogether, he was an object of the most aggard and wretched appearance Ida Zane nad ever looked upon. And yet she saw that

ne was young—a mere boy in years. Back of him lay the carcass of a deer, festering and bl stering in the sun. It was the that attracted the vultures and wolverines there; but when they came, they seemed more anxious to feast upon the living than the

After she had taken in the sight, and had fully comprehended the situation, brave little Ida Zane advanced to the rescue of the suffering youth. She uttered a little cry that sent the cowardly wolverines scampering away Then she turned to the wounded boy; but betore she could speak, he raised his eyes, and

"Oh, thank God! my prayers have been

heard! "Oh, sir!" cried Ida, excitedly, "what is the

matter? Are you wounded?" "Wounded almost unto death, fair stranger!" he responded, lifting his blood-shot eyes

"Who are you, and where is your home? Can I help you?" Ida asked, bending over him like an angel of mercy, while tears of sympathy

welled up into her eyes. 'My name is Darrall-Nathan Darrall.' "Darrall—Nathan Darrall," she repeated.

"I was wounded three nights ago," he continued, "by being thrown out of a boat and striking my head upon a stone in the water. How I escaped, I hardly know. I have a vague recollection of floating and floating for hours on the water; then of creeping away into the woods to elude some awful danger. must have been delirious, for I was very weak from loss of blood. Finally, a raging fever set in, and it seemed as though I would surely burn up. When this subsided, and full coness returned, hunger next seized upon me; but I was unable to walk, and so I crawled off through the woods—eating some berries and roots. At length I came to the carcass of the deer, where I feasted my hunger upon the tainted flesh; and here have I remained ever since-growing weaker instead of stronger. The not sun pouring upon my head, and the wolveing, and-"

will call grandpa; you shall not die."

cannot walk-my limbs are paralyzed. You cannot move me from here

'Then give me that knife in your belt," she replied, and lifting the weapon from its sheath, with which she erected a shade over the unfor-

vade his spirit with renewed strength; "will ar'n't it?"

canoes made of bark. Each of them carried and bring him over, and together we can help you home

"No, no; stay, Ida," he said, quickly; "you are nearly exhausted now, child; wait until you have been well rested.

"But you are suffering, Nathan Darrall,"

she replied calling him by name with a child-"I am feeling a great deal better now, I assure you. This shade eases my pain. Oh, the tortures of this day! The Lord only knows what I have suffered; and even yet, my eyes

seem ready to burst out of my head. But I know I will get better soon.' Tears of pity welled up into the eyes of the little berry-picker. She took off her hat, and, with sisteriy kindness, fanned the feverish face of the suffering youth. Ida Zane did not regard him as a more sophisticated girl would a stranger. She knew him only as a suffering fellow-being, to whom her young soul went out with all her woman's pity and sympathya sufferer in need of the tenderest assiduities of

The cool breeze that kissed Nattie's cheeks acted with the power of a soothing balm. It drove away much of the pain that the heat had produced; but at the same time he felt a strange drowsiness stealing over him. Heavy weights seemed pressing downward upon his evelids, and objects became dim and visionary to his sight. He struggled hard to keep awake, and it required every effort of his will o overcome the reaction that was but the result of the alleviation of his suffering. nervous system was giving way as the pain, that had kept it up, subsided; and he would oon have been sound asleep had he not suddenly been roused by a cry of excitement from

Ida's lips. The maiden had discovered that the wolverines were returning—reinforced—a dozen strong; while overhead the vultures were again wheeling and circling in the air.

She sprung up, and seizing a stout stick, tood ready to beat the animals off. She aporehended but little danger from them at first or she supposed they were attracted there by tant to keep them from the carcass, for once there they would not hesitate to attack the wounded lad who lay so near. So she frightened them away, but they soon came back and set up a terrible wrangling and snarling. This brought others. One by one their force was gradually increased; and they grew bolder as their numbers grew stronger. They encircled

the little glade, a hundred strong!

Ida Zane stood over the helpless youth, club hand. She now became seriously alarmed or his safety, and this uneasiness increased as ne saw the force of the animals growing stronger and stronger. She knew they were naturally cowardly when in small force, but when in large numbers, they were ferocious and deadly.

As the wolverines advanced closer and closer upon the tempting quarry, the vultures descended lower and lower. They knew each her, for at many a forest banquet had they easted together. They were companion ghouls. Gradually the cowardly beasts contracted sheir circle by advancing and retreating—gainng a few inches at each advance, and using an almost human instinct in endeavoring to rowd some of their number forward upon the

rostrate form of the young bee-hunter. Bravely little Ida stood at her post, and olied her club upon the beasts that had come so close that she could now rap them over the head. Nathan's very soul became inspired by the wonderful courage of the maiden, and he endeavored to assist her. He grasped his stick and feebly raised it aloft. But, despite their united efforts, the wolverines crowded closer

At length a number of them reached the carcass of the deer, and, hungry and ravenous, they began tearing at the flesh, and fighting and tumbling around it, a seething mass of shaggy forms. Others dashed on and joined at the feast and fight, and in endeavoring to deer slain the day before by Randolph Spencer, and it was the putrid flesh of this animal seized Ida by the skirts of her dress; but a well-directed blow caused it to release its hold

and retreat. Not the half of the maddened, voracious beasts could get near the carcass of the deer, and at length those on the outside of the seething horde turned and began crowdi g toward

Nathan. "Oh, my heavens, they will kill you!" Ida cried, in a tone of wild distress.

"Run, Ida, run, and save yourself!" the youth said; "never mind me; I am ready to

"Oh, Nathan! I can never leave you here alone to be torn to pieces by these fierce beasts, the brave girl exclaimed, and her hitherto

mild, soft eyes now blazed with a wild, desper-As if endowed with superhuman power, she attacked the wolverines crowding upon Nattie. She beat them away a few paces, but they soon swarmed back; while she fought them

upon one side they approached upon the other. Never was there such an awful look stamped upon woman's face as that upon the face of heroic little da Zane. Not even the face of Rizpah of old, who defended her dead from the beast and vultures upon Mount Gibeah beneath the blazing heat of a Judean sky, could have worn a more terrific look of desperate resolve.

In the midst of her awful struggle, a cloud came over the maiden, and raising her eyes she beheld a huge buzzard settling so close over that she could see the blaze of its hungry eyes, the white wattles around its filthy beak, and the naked coral skin upon its repulsive neck. And still it was settling as if intending to bury its talons in her golden hair. Quick as a flash she raised her club and struck it. With a hissing scream it seemed to strike back at her with its somber wing, then it soared aloft and perched itself on the top of a great pine, still watch ing the scene below.

The numbers of the wolverines were still in-

creasing rapidly, and it would be impossible for the brave little heroine to hold out rines together, will soon put an end to my suffer- longer against them. She knew this, and lifting her voice, she cried to Heaven for help; No, no, sir!" cried the maiden, in wild and God, in his infinite mercy, heard her apexcitement; "they shall not come near you; peals and sent her assistance. In the midst of besides, I can assist you to the shade. Then I her struggle, when all the reserved force of nature had been summoned to a final effort, a "Do not excite yourself about me, fair loud voice rung out above the jowering of the girl," said the almost exhausted youth; "I animals, and a man, followed by a number of animals, and a man, followed by a number of dogs, bounded into the opening and attacked

the ferocious beasts. It was Old Wolverine! "Witches and warlocks!" yelled the old she bounded away across the opening to the hunter; "an angel in the midst of demons-go woods and soon came back with some bushes in, Baltic! sick 'em, Mellow Tongue! Hurraw thar, pups chaw 'em fine-wool 'emtunate young bee-hunter.

"God bless you, little woman," he said, gratefully, as the cool shade seemed to pertable that pufectly lively now! Splendid scenery,

The "scenery" to which the old woodman referred was the desperate conflict between his "I live at the Blue Marsh with Daniel dogs and the wolverines. The latter, loth to

had Old Wolverine not seized a club and dashed in among them; and after braining more prise. than a dozen, put the rest to flight and sent the dogs in pursuit.

"By the witches of Salem!" the old hunter exclaimed, when the battle had ended, and he had turned to address the maiden, "the girl is

He saw the form of the girl lying unconscious upon the earth. The reaction following her rescue had been too sudden for her delicate nerves, and she sunk down in a dead aint.
"She has fainted, Wolverine," said a volce

at the old man's side; and turning, he saw for the first time the form of a man lying under some leafy boughs.

With wildly-staring eyes the old man gazed in upon him, for, though he recognized the voice, he did not the face.

"Don't you recognize me, Wolverine?" "Oh, great Immanuel!" cried the hunter; "it is Nattie Darrall! By golly-ation, boy, we thought you'd gone over the hills-war drowned t'other night, as we couldn't find you

"I have been nearer dead than alive since that night; but, Wolverine, look after that God never made a more heroic young For one hour has she stood over me and fought those wolverines."

"Poor little rosebud," sighed the hunter, mopping the perspiration from his brow with his sleeve; "a drop from my canteen 'll do her good," and he advanced, and kneeling by the maiden's side, raised her head. "Ho, friend Wolverine! you have your

hands full!" a voice suddenly exclaimed.

Wolverine looked up and saw a tall figure enter the glade. It was Goliah Strong.
"Ah, it is you, Goliah!" cried Nattie—"our big-hearted guide of several days ago.

"Nattie, my boy!' exclaimed the giant hunter, "I am rejoiced to see you alive. Your friends are mourning you as lost.' Then they escaped that night?" "Yes; but they are several miles from here

now, but-" and he turned to Wolverine, "old man, what is the trouble there?" A gal, Goliar, a gal—sweet as any rosebud the sun ever warmed into life. That's what

I've got, Goliar." The giant hunter advanced to Wolverine's side, and, stooping, he gazed down into the face of the still half-unconscious girl. An exclamation burst from his lips, and he started back with surprise written upon his bearded

"Do you know her, Goliar?" asked Wolverine, noticing the man's emotions.

"No," responded the hunter.
"Well, ar'n't she a nice one, though? Jews and Gentiles! you'd ort to 'a' see'd her fightin' wolverines away from the boy thar. But se here, Goliar, I b'lieve you know her-leastwise, you are terrible worked up. Does the purty face o' a woman alers effect you that-away? I know it does some men-queer 'bout

Wolverine, do you know that girl?" "Never sot peepers onto her before; but she's comin' to—jist wait and she'll soon be able to speak for herself."

Ida soon recovered full consciousness; and when able to speak, the sound of her voice seemed to increase Goliah Strong's emotions

The maiden was greatly rejoiced when she learned that Nattie had been saved from the beasts and vultures. She at once suggested that he be removed to her home for care and treatment. She would listen to no refusal from Nattie; but in her childlike and impulsive way insisted on his becoming their guest at Blue Marsh until he was able to go upon his way As there was really no alternative, the youth consented, though not against his will by any means, to be removed to Old Cranberry's cabin.

Goliah Strong and Old Wolverine carried him down to the creek; and then, while they rested upon the bank, Ida ran on after her

canoe, further up the stream. While waiting her coming with the boat in hich to carry the youth up to the cabin Old was at Wolverine's side. Wolverine went back to the glade to secure the scalps of the dead wolverines, upon which there was a bounty.

When alone with Nattie, Goliah Strong said "Nattie, I am not going up to that cabin."
"Not going? Why not, Goliah?"

"My reason is a very vague one."
"I noticed, Goliah, that you were agitated

by Ida's face," Nattie confessed. "It was a wonderful pretty face -a face that would agitate the heart of any man, or boy either, I observe; but, Nattie, I have a request to make of you, and that is, that you note carefully everything about the home of the old cranberry-picker. Find out the number in his family, their names, if you can without being impertinent, their former residence, and so forth. Will you promise me this, Nattie?"

"I will, Goliah," said Nattie, as a faint light began to dawn upon his mind.
"You will probably be able to be out in a

few days, and one week from to-morrow morning I will call here at this point—perhaps with the other boys—to confer with you.

"All right, Goliah; I will meet you," replied the young bee-hunter; "for I'm getting nterested in you-I think I can see a little further than I could. I don't believe you are really what you appear to be -- a hunter. have wondered a great many times since we first met why you inquired so particularly into my family record; and the boys wondered, too. We finally came to the conclusion that you were

"The Unknown Marksman!"

'No, no; but a-"I have been arrested and found guilty of being that destroyer since I last saw you, again interrupted the hunter, "but I was re eased upon evidence of the Unknown himself. Ah! here comes the maiden.

In a few moments she touched the shore at the hunters' feet, when Nattie was placed in the canoe in an easy, reclining position. There was no room for any other than the maiden and youth in the canoe, even had it been the desire of either of the hunters to accompany them; so, after a few kind, parting words, da dipped her paddle and the little bark glided away up the stream.

Goliah Strong leaned upon his rifle and gazed after the receding boat with a strange, thoughtful expression upon his face. He seemed to have forgotten his existence until aroused from his reverie by Old Wolverine, who came swinging down the hill, with his dogs at his heels, whistling-"Over the hills and far

away."
"Why, Goliar, are they gone?" he asked, as he approached the hunter

Yes; the boat would carry no more; besides, I had no desire to go over there; for, Wolverine, that secluded hut"—and the big hunter pointed away toward the cabin of the old berry-picker with a wild, tragic look-"I solemnly believe holds a secret—a secret the big hunter continued. which the silence of past years has kept as "Very fine people; Mr still as though locked in the tomb of the dead!' | were highly respected."

"Whew!" whistled Old Wolverine, in sur-

"One by one" the quiet hunter continued, as if speaking to himself, "the clouds are beginning to break away. Who knows what the future may reveal?"

Several minutes of silence ensued; then the wo men turned and, without a word, entered the dark, green woods.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHADOWING A NIGHT-WALKER OLD WOLVERINE and Goliah Strong bent heir footsteps in the direction of Camp Spener after turning their backs upon the Blue Marsh; and after a couple hours' brisk walking came within the sound of the lumbermen's axes. The crash of falling trees directed their course, and keeping clear of the workmen they passed around toward the camp. It was not their intention to go to the houses; but Goliah had expressed a desire to examine the location of the camp and its surroundings without himelf being seen.

East of the camp every tree, except one, had been cut down and taken away. This one was a tall, majestic pine around whose base grew a ump of dense undergrowth. On the edge of his clearing Old Wolverine and Goliah halted. The latter ran his keen eye over the clearing, noting everything closely. Presently he fixed his gaze upon the solitary pine and remarked: "It's rather singular they didn't fall that

tree. Reckon they left that out of respect for the majesty of its fallen companions," observed Wolverine.

"I hardly think Captain Spencer has that much veneration for the grandeur of these woods. I think it must have been left for some other purpose; it may be hollow."

"Never, Goliah; you can't fool me on that. I've been in the woods too long not to be able to know a holler tree by its external appearance fur as I can see it. No, sir; I'll go you a ducat that it's as sound to the very heart as any tree in Michigan."

Well, that may all be; but I have a way of clutching at straws, instinctively, that most always helps me out of the rapids. Now, I want to look a little closer at that tree the first opportunity I have; and that will be soon, for the shadows of evening are already gather-

The two men waited in the woods until dark ness set in, and were about to approach the lone tree when they saw a light coming from the camp directly toward them. Crouching low they watched the moving light. The soon discovered it was a lantern in the hands of a man, who, passing near them went on into the forest.

"That feller's Cap. Spencer, sure'n thun der.

"Let us follow him; it may be a clue."
"Easy then, Goliar," and the two glided from their covert and crept softly away after the light.

Down through the deep woods they followed on with the dogged patience of Indian war-riors. At length the sharp barking of a dog caused the light to stop. A man's voice was heard to call out from the darkness beyond, to A man's voice was hich he of the lantern answered: "Randolph Spencer.

"All right; come ahead, captain," was the

"Ah!" exclaimed Old Wolverine. "I know where we are now; that's the Shingle-Weavers'

"Indeed? Well, now would be a good time to advance while the dog is barking at Spencer. Wait here, Wolverine, till I come back."

As the light they had been following disap peared in the Shingle-Maker's hut, the big unter stole softly forward. The dog con tinued to bark, but no voice challenged the

Half an hour passed when the light again ap beared, and moved away in the direction it had Before it was out of sight Goliah Strong "Come, Old Wolvey," he said, in apparent

delight; "let's foller the light back. night's work will not be for nothing" Again they glided away upon the trail of

the unsuspecting man. For two hours longer they followed him.

At length they reached the edge of the clearing. Here the light was put out, much to Goliah's regret. But the moon was shining, and to the happy surprise of the two hunters they saw their man turn to the right and disap pear in the thicket surrounding that solitary

"Wolvey, what did I tell you, old boy. about that tree? I'll bet you it plays an important part in the drama of life," said Goliah, rubbing his hands with glee. "But then I'll examine it another time—when I am ready and now, friend Wolverine, I am ready to fol-

"Then let us strike for camp on the Black river I want a little nap before we strike out for the Five Points to assist in organizing a grand hunt for the Unknown Marksman I'm interested in that matter, Goliah, for I don't know what minute that bloodthirsty wretch may send a bullet through my head."

So saying, they turned and hurried away toward the river; and about midnight reached the camp, or bivouac occupied by Frank Ballard and Ed Mathews. "Nattie lives, boys!" shouted Old Wolver ine, as they approached the camp-fire by which

the two young bee-hunters sat mourning the loss of their young friend, and talking over the new sorrow it would be to his mother. "Wolverine," exclaimed Frank, rising to his

feet, half in doubt as to the truth of the old ater's words, "do you tell this for a fact?"
It is true, boys," affirmed their guide, Goliah Strong; "I have seen him and talked with

Frank and Ed sprung up and sent their shouts of joy through the woods upon the midnight stillne

"That is the happiest news I ever heard," said Ed; "sit down, Goliah, and tell us where brave, kind, rollicking Nattie Darrall is."

The hunters seated themselves, when Goliah narrated Nattie's adventures, as told by himself, from the time they were thrown out of the boat into the river up to the time of his rescue in the forest glade from the wolverines. 'It was a narrow escape for him," said

Frank. "We were just saying that if he was dead, the news would kill his poor widowed mother. "Speaking of his widowed mother," said Goliah Strong, "reminds me of a question I want to ask you, boys: how long have you

known Nattie Darrall?" 'I have known him ever since a babe. lived next-door neighbors to the Darralls," plied Frank Ballard, somewhat surprised by the interest manifested by Goliah in Nattie. What kind of people were the Darralls?"

"Very fine people; Mr. Darrall and his wife

"What was their financial condition-say, five or six years ago?"

"They were in good circumstances, financially. I think Mr. Darrall was worth about fifty thousand dollars at one time."

'At one time; then the widow is poor now?" Yes; very poor." "How did they lose their property?"

'Through some carelessness on the part of Mr. Darrall, and rascality on the part of oth-

"Do you know the circumstances by which it was lost, Frank?" the hunter asked. "Yes," responded Ballard; "in the first place, Mr. Darrall's health became rather delicate, and as he was unable to oversee the man agement of his large landed possessions, he concluded to sell them and place the money on nterest with real estate security. And no sooner had he effected the sale than two men, Captain Randolph Spencer, of lumber region ame, and one James Trimble, called upon him to negotiate a loan of fifty thousand dollars. They offered a vast tract of timber land worth four times the amount as security, and o they had no trouble in making the loan. The mortgage and notes were drawn up and acknowledged by the rilage justice, and fortyfive thousand dollars paid to Trimble & Spen cer. Five thousand more was to be paid in one week. The next day Mr. Darrall was to go to D—, the county seat of O to have the notes and mortgage placed upo record; but that night the papers all disappear ed from the drawer in which Mr. Darrall had placed them. A burglar had got into the house and carried them off! A close search was made for the thief, and a reward offere for the return of the papers, but they cam Mr. Darrall was now in a great strait and, to add to his difficulty, the man who ow him a balance on his farm failed, and he had not a dollar left. He had lost all but th amount paid Spencer and Trimble, forty-fiv thousand dollars. As fifty thousand was th amount promised them, he was unable to make good the remaining five thousand. However ne called upon Messrs Spencer and Trimbi and offered to make them a release to the le mortgage and place it upon the record of the execute a new mortgage to cover the forty-fiv thousand dollars already received. This Sper

forty-five thousand dollars which they had a eady received." "The infernal whelps:" exclaimed Old Wo verine, springing to his feet and cracking his fist in the palm of his hand. "I'd like to draw and quarter them both! I know Trimble, and

cer and Trimble refused to do, unless he would

pay the full amount promised; they knew he could not pay a dollar more than he had, and

made this an excuse to cheat him out of th

"Well, did Darrall ever make any attemp to recover his money of Spencer and Trimble asked Goliah.

"Yes; a suit was begun in probate court but before the sitting of the term Mr. Darra The widow made no appearance lied. ourt, for she preferred keeping the few hu dred dollars remaining for herself and boy to giving it to the lawyers; and so the suit was dismissed, and poor Mrs. Darrall and her boy Nattie, were paupers. Neither Trimble no Spencer have ever been the men to give her lollar of the forty-five thousand justly du

"Rascals!" exclaimed Goliah Strong, rising to his feet, and pacing to and fro before the fire, his eyes flashing with some inward emo Presently he said:

"Frank, don't you think that money can be ecovered yet?" "If those notes and mortgages could b ound, it would be no trouble; but my opinion

s they are not in existence.' "You think they are not in existence, d you?" asked Strong, stopping short and fixing strange look upon him.

"I think they are not," answered Frank, startled by the big hunter's actions. "What reason have you for thinki

"I don't know what reason I have for my opinio", more than—"
"Well, did it ever occur to your mind

who were the thieves that stole those papers? 'Suspicion was fixed upon Claude Turner but nothing was ever proven against him. "Did it never occur to you that these men

Trimble and Spencer, were instrumental i stealing those papers from Mr. Darrall, t prevent him getting them upon the records of

"It never did, Goliah." "Well, sir, men that are mean enough to ee a woman suffer, as you say Mrs. Darral does, would not have been too good to steal the papers. With the money, or most of it, already in their hands, d.shonorable men would have called it a clear gain could they destroy all written evidence of its having been borrow ed before that evidence went to record. lieve there is some secret about this affair that the Darralls and their friends never mis trusted. I may look into it, by-and-by; but let us drop the subject for to-night. We all need rest, and if we go down to the Five Points to-morrow, to aid those folks in their arrange ments for a search for the Unknown Marks man, we want to feel fresh and vigorous. So,

boys, suppose we all turn in."
"'Nuff said," replied Old Wolverine, stretch ing himself along the earth, and pillowing his head upon Baltic's form; "boys, if you want a pillow, jist help yerself among my dogs

Although the old hunter's friends did not avail themselves of his offer, they stretched themselves along the earth, and were soon

By daylight the party were astir, and breakfasting early, they set out for the Five Points to be present at the meeting called there for the

(To be continued -commenced in No. 375.)

The Missing Diamond.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Walter Harold, a wealthy bachelor and nerchant, died in Calcutta, Hindostan, in 18—, eaving the bulk of his enormous fortune to an

old friend and business partner.

To his nephew, Robert Weston, a worthy young man of twenty-five, who, with his wife and child, had lately come to India, and had been by him employed as a clerk, he bequeathed a diamond of rare brilliancy and of the first water, worth not less than twenty thousand dollars

After the death of his relative, the young clerk, with his little family, took passage aboard the Heron, a brig commanded by a friend, for

As the vessel receded from land, Robert, putting his hand in the inside pocket of his coat to feel for the little velvet-lined metallic box in which he kept his diamond, was dismayed to discover that it was gone!

What had become of it? *

The young man, almost distracted, told his wife, Louisa, of his loss.

"Are you sure it was in your pocket?" she

Yes. Oh, Louisa! We are now poor, in-The young woman endeavored to console

"We have a few dollars left," she said.
'Don't despair, Robert."
He sat down and endeavored to think how he had lost the treasure.
All at once he remembered that, while lean-

ing over the bulwarks, he had heard something drop into the water. He had then thought it was only one of the loose pieces of copper sheath ng on the rail, but now he felt convinced that

it was the diamond.

He informed his wife of this fact, adding that, of course, all hope of ever obtaining the valuable gen was gone—that it was at the bottom of the ocean.

The loss preyed upon his mind. He no longer noticed even the marry proteins his

Ine loss preyed upon his mind. He no longer noticed even the merry prattling of his little child, Richard, a boy of three years, who was playing at his knee.

A week passed, and Robert was still gloomy and sad. All the efforts of his wife to cheer him proved unavailing.

On the morning of the eighth day after leaving port, a heavy squall pounced upon the brig.

rig.
The wind roared and shrieked in the rigging and the craft, almost on her beam-ends, sped along under shortened canvas, buzzing and hum-ming, with her masts jerking as if about going by the board.

"Halloa! there is a boat ahead!" exclaimed the old captain to Robert, as the two stood amidships. "It is overturned! I wonder if

amusings. This overturned! I wonder if there was anybody in it?"

Through an occasional opening in the flying spray, the young man could also see the boat, about a mile off.

The white foam-drift soon hid the little vessel

rom sight.

Robert, however, mounted into the foretop, where he stood endeavoring to pierce the white nist with his keen gaze. Suddenly the backstay to which he held part-ng with a loud snap, he was hurled like a shot over the rail to leeward into the angry sea!

"MAN OVERBOARD!" was shouted fore and

Ay, ay, now!" exclaimed the old captain, as he ran to the rail, and caught a glimpse of Robert's upturned face, which, the next mo-ment, was lost to view in the flying particles of

The poor lad is gone! We will never see Louisa hearing the cries on deck looked

through the companionway.

The captain saw the large, wild eyes, saw the white lips move, and knew that the young wife was asking for her husband, although her words ould not be distinguished in that raging tem-

pest.

"Ay, ma'am!" screamed the old sailor, in her ear. "It was your husband who fell overboard! He is lost! I may as well let you know the truth first as last!" As he spoke tears rolled down his weather caten cheeks.

eaten cheeks.

"Save him! save him!" shrieked Louisa.
You must save him!"
And as she spoke, the little child, Richard
Veston, at her side, looked up at the old tar,
tretching out its tiny hands and crying:
"Papa! papa! bring papa!"

"Alas! no boat could live in such a sea!" an-

wered the skipper.

The distracted wife sprung on deck. Holding her boy by one hand, and with the other cling-ng to the rail, she peered through the driving oan-flakes, vainly looking for her husband. Never could she forget the horror of that mo-

There was the brig, booming along before that howling tempest, further, every moment, from the spot where the unfortunate young nan had fallen!

Although she could not see him, yet she could imagine his struggles among those mad waves, and almost fancied she could hear his despairing cries, vainly rising above the roar of wind and ocean.

Robert was a good swimmer.

The moment he rose to the surface, after his fall from aloft, he turned himself round, so as to face away from the flying, blinding masses of water which must otherwise have suffocated

For a few minutes he saw the brig, as she on: then the careering spray and the scud and rack o

Knowing no boat could be lowered in such a

Knowing no boat could be lowered in such a storm, he gave himself up for lost.

He thought of his wife and child, and a wild cry of agony escaped him.

At that moment his feet struck against something. He turned, to behold the overturned boat, which had previously been sighted from the brig, about drifting past him.

With a quick, upward spring he clutched the keel; then he clambered on the boat and placed himself astride of it.

keel; then he clambered on the boat and placed himself astride of it.

Hope now animated his breast. He firmly maintained his position, anxiously waiting for the storm to abate, when he thought he might be seen by the brig's people and be picked up.

Half an hour later the gale subsided. The sky was clear, the sun shone on the sparkling blue

was clear, the sun shone on the sparkling blue waves.

Robert uttered a cry of joy.

There she was, far away in the clear distance, the brig Heron!

He waved his kerchief as a signal, and soon saw the vessel veer round, heading toward him.

"Ay! ay! I am safe enough, now!" he exclaimed, joyously. "Although I had given myself up for lost! I shall see Louisa and my child again! Thank God! thank God!"

Then it occurred to him that the late accident seemed almost to have been ordered by a wise Providence to show him the folly of mourning over the loss of a diamond while he possessed LIFE, STRENGTH AND HEALTH, which were of so

LIFE, STRENGTH AND HEALTH, which were of so uch greater value.

"Yes!" he cried aloud. "I can now appre-ciate the value of LIFE, since I have come so near losing it! The joy of being saved has, I be-tieve, entirely cured me of my grief for the dia-mond!"

Chancing, just then, to glance at the water, longside the overturned craft, an exclamation surprise and horror escaped him. He saw a human arm and hand projecting om beneath the boat's gunwale, under th ce of the sea.
Sliding off, he soon succeeded in turning the

essel right side up, when he discovered that it ontained the body of a Malay sailor, lashed to be middle thwart with a strong rope. The man, as was evident from his appearance had not been dead a long time. He was probably alive when the squall struck him. For better security against being swept overboard he had lashed himself to the thwart. But the boat had capsized, and he had perished ere he could clear himself from his lashings.

A livid scar upon the dusky face gave to it a orrid, peculiar look.

Robert knew at once that he had seen that where, he remembered that it was on the Cal-cutta quay, as he was hastening along through a crowd of seamen to get aboard the brig Heron, a few minutes before she cast loose to set sail. The recollection of the face was all the more firmly stamped on his mind from the fact of the

man's having jostled roughly against him as he I think I understand how he came in this boat," muttered Robert; "he must have deserted some vessel to which he belonged—some craft which sailed a day or so after the Heron."
Entering the boat, after he had bailed it out with the bailer, which was lashed to the sternsheets, the young man was soon after picked up by the brig.

With a wild cry of joy his wife fell on his breast, encircling his neck with her arms, while

little Richard danced about the twain, clapping his hands and crowing with delight.

"We'll give the dead man decent burial,"said the old captain, "whoever he is."

The body, upon which the sailors had been gazing with much curiosity, was hoisted on deck, and laid out to be sewed up in canvas for burial.

While this was being done, Robert related to the captain the fact of his having seen the Malay on the wharf at Calcutta. "He jostled against me," continued the speak-

er, "and—"
He suddenly paused, uttering a glad shout of
surprise, which was echoed by his wife, as something fell from an inside pocket of the dead
man's jacket, while the sailors were taking off he garment. It was a m

the garment.

It was a metallic box, and as it struck the deck, the lid flew open, when something smooth and glittering rolled out!

"MY LOST DIAMOND!" cried Robert, picking

my the precious gem.
"Yes! yes! it is the diamond!" exclaimed
Louisa, clapping her hands.
"Hooray! hooray! hooray!" cheered the sailors, while deep joy was expressed in the cap-

response to the captain's eyes.

All the men had heard of their passenger's loss, and the finding of the treasure created among them the most intense excitement.

"Ay, ay," said the skipper. "It is now plain that the Malay picked your pocket when he jostled against you on the Calcutta wharf, and that what you heard drop in the water, when you leaned over my quarter-rail, was only a piece of the loosened copper sheathing, instead of the diamond, as you thought."

There is little to add.

A few days after this occurrence, the vessel from which the Malay had deserted was spoken. She proved to be the Winchester from Calcutta, and her captain stated that he had learned from one of the crew, since the man left him, that he was a notorious robber and pickpocket.

In due time the Heron arrived at New York, where Robert disposed of his diamond for cash and built a neat cottage.

He is now a prosperous merchant.

Base-Ball.

THE LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP CAM-

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE first month's play of the League championship campaign has ended, and at its close Boston stands forth as the leading nine, their eam having won the most games and lost the ewest up to the close of May, St. Louis standng second on the list and Hartford third. The first contests of June slightly changed this order by placing Louisville in front of Hartferd, but Boston remained in the van up to June 5th. The record of the championship

contests during May is as follows:

May 8. Chicago vs. Hartford, at Chicago. 6

"8. St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis . 3

"10. Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago. 14 1

"10. St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis . 6

"10. Cincinnati vs. Louisville, at Louisville . 15

"12. Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago. 18

"12. Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Louisville . 18

"12. Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Chicinnati. 24

"15. St. Louis vs. Hartford, at St. Louis . 6

"15. Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati . 6

"16. Boston vs. Chicago at Chicago. 1

"17. Boston vs. Chicago at Chicago. 1

"17. St. Louis vs. Chicago at Chicago. 2

"18. Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville . 12

"19. Chicago vs. St. Louis, at Chicago. 7

"19. Louisville vs. Hartford, at Louisville . 5

"19. Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati . 6

"21. Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville . 5

"22. Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville . 8

"22. Chicago vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis . 4

"22. Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati . 6

"23. Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati . 6

"24. St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis . 6

"24. St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis . 6

"24. St. Louis vs. Chicago, at St. Louis . 6 ontests during May is as follows:

verage of winning nines.

The championship record showing the games won and lost up to June 5th inclusive is as fol-

2 8 8 5 5 4 82 Games lost.

This leaves the clubs occupying the following relative positions: CLUBS.

Totals THE INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

Considerable interest is being exhibited in

regard to the scores of games played by the seven clubs which entered the lists for the In-

ernational series of championship contests.

Jp to June 4th the Alleghenvs held the lead.

the Rochester nine being second and the Tecumsels third. The record in full is as fol-

2 3 6 2 4 3 1 21 There are now over forty regularly-organized professional clubs in practical operation, the majority belonging either to the international Association or the League Alliance. The leading nines are the Allegheny, Indianapolis and Syracuse clubs, all three of which have defeat-

THE COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP The contest of May 26th at New Haven, beween the Yale and Harvard nines, may be said to have almost decided the championship of 1877, so signal was the success of the Yale nine. Still it may be that the Harvards will make a successful rally at Cambridge this June on the occasion of the return match. The re-cord of the contests between the three nines up to June 5th is as follows:

May 19, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton...
23, Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton...
26, Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven....

The contest at New Haven, May 26th, at racted a crowded and fashionable assemblage to Hamilton Park, and the victory of the Blues greatly excited the college people on that

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The Summer Campaign!

Our summer schedule embraces numerous fine things that will command much pleasant remark from readers. We shall follow rapidly with a capital and perfectly unique story by the author of "Willful Will," viz.:

Detective Dick.

Also a powerful and intensely-interesting ro mance, full of subtle excitement and mystery, by SEELEY REGESTER, author of the celebrated "Dead Letter," viz.:

A WOMAN'S HAND.

Also another brilliant romance from the brilliant pen of Colonel Dell Sara, viz.:

The Scarlet Captain.

Also a new series of papers by the author of "Yankee Boys in Ceylon," in which the Yankee Boys are again the heroes of the adventure, viz.:

THE FLYAWAY AFLOAT.

These are a few of the good things on our "bill of fare" for the season's early issue. How do new readers like the "bill?"

Sunshine Papers.

"A Nice Quiet Day."

CLEM's husband had gone to his office, and Clem, herself, had made an elaborate toilet and gone shopping for the day; in fact, Clem's family being small, at this time, I was left to while away the entire day alone and by my own devices.

she stood ready to depart.

I promised to be a faithful custodian of the fire and assured her that, being all alone, I can't do it justice!"

"The law facing makes us wondrous kind," fire, and assured her that, being all alone, I should not care for any lunch aside from the oranges which filled the compotier upon the

of changing my wrapper for a suit, and the ice of belonging to a base-ball club or a ballet troupe; but, as I brushed my hair, I thought how many Sunshine Papers I could carefully consider and write through such a nice quiet day, and that the wrapper would be more comfortable for such occupation. Taking my boots -which needed the addition of a button-with me, I descended to the dining-room. The air was slightly chilly, which reminded me of the fire. I found my charge in the most critical condition. Pinning a towel over my head, I proceeded to rake away the dead coals and ashes and place a little fresh fuel delicately upon the remains of the fire, with a fervent hope that it would ignite without causing me any special trouble. Then noticing that I had scattered a great deal of dust in the roomand having a most decided horror of sitting at my work amid untidy or unpleasant surroundings—I decided to throw open the windows, brush up the room, and dust. I had carefully closed the doors of the parlor, shut my desk covered the buffet and lounge, placed some of the chairs on the extension-table for conve nience, and had swept about a fourth of the room when clang went the door-bell! I snatched the towel from my head, and, without stopping to observe how much or how little I had disarranged my coiffure, started for the

It was the postman with a letter for me on a most important subject—as I surmised from the handwriting. I had just reached the dining-room, torn open the envelope, and, shivering-and apprehensive lest my fire had ceased burning—glanced at the signature, when clang went the bell again!

Imagine my desperation when I discovered an old school friend-who had learned of my stay in town and had taken the opportunity to call upon me—standing at the door. I thought, remorsefully, of the fire, as we entered the parlor, and I sat me down in the sunshine to keep warm, and hid my slippered feet as effectually as possible under my wrapper, with shamed consciousness that if seen they would look very "blue-stockingish," indeed, notwith standing the cardinal hose. We talked of school-days, professors, sciences, languages, and new books, while I vainly endeavored to feel rejoiced at seeing my friend, and to forget that dying fire, and cold, half-swept

Clang! came an interruption to our discussion of a late literary editorial. With an apology! I hastened to receive and examine some goods Clem had ordered sent home, and was in the midst of counting out the amount due upon the bills from a box full of the smallest denomination of specie coins (Clem's husband is the treasurer of a missionary society), when was one of Clem's young brothers come of an mercy.

cheerless dining-room, with its wide-open winlows; the dead coals in the stove; what could be got for lunch! I ushered the youth into the midst of my desolate surroundings, with a partial explanation of my vexations, and as-suming my most saccharine expression of

ountenance, remarked, coaxingly:
"Do you think you could make the fire for

He said he would "try," so dolefully that I felt my tortures with added intensity; but I suggested, mildly, where he might look for paper and wood; and returned to my financial occupation, which his entrance had interrupt-Having loaded down the mercantile mes senger with specie, and obtained his signature to the bills, I returned to the parlor, vainly praying that an "overruling Providence" would have compassion upon me, and put it in the heart of my caller to depart. Before my pious desires were fulfilled an added straw accumulated upon my weight of miseries. other ring at the bell! The messenger had forgotten his gloves. I must confess—with deep contrition be it recorded—that I felt like returning him, per express, to his employers in a state that would have precluded any active service being gotten out of him by those gentleien in some time.

When I again entered the parlor, my caller and the Christian grace to depart; and I did not forget the old proverb which bids a hostess 'speed the going guest." I then rushed to the lining room, shut the windows, restored the elevated chairs to their more wonted positions. and hurried to place cakes, crackers and fruit apon the table for lunch; when I sunk deject edly into the chair nearest the feebly-glimmer ing fire, and played at eating, while my com-panion made a sparse meal off the limited supply of provisions. I think he was rejoiced to make as hasty an exit as possible, and I felt that it would be selfish to urge him to stay longer out of any consideration for my loneliness.

Before I had put away the fancy articles that had come for Clem, and cleared my lunch table, and swept and dusted my room, coaxed my fire into burning decently, the bell had rung four times!! Once, it was another package of goods; next, the marketing for din-ner; and for both of these bills I was obliged to count out the amounts from Clem's house keeping money—a box of small coins; the third time it was a picture brought home, which had been reframed; and the fourth, an agent who wished me to look at the sample sheets of a new encyclopedia! By the time the house left in my charge was again in complete order, it was late in the afternoon, and I so weary that I was contemplating a few moments' repose upon the lounge; when another pull at the bell demanded my attention. It was a lady friend of Clem's and mine

She could stay but a moment, had just come to return some books, and would run in and warm her feet a second, and she was there when Clem came home—half an hour later.

"I have had such a cold, tiresome time, shopping," said that good woman. "How many times I have thought of you, and envied you, home, here, having such a nice quiet day I suppose you have done no end of work, and feel perfectly contented and self-satisfied!

Did you ever hear the anecdote of the man who was so renowned for his profanity that some mischievous boys, wishing to see what he could invent new in the way of indignant lan-guage, removed the back-board from his wagon, one day when he had it filled with apples and was driving up a steep hill? Has-tening on, and hiding behind a fence, they an-"Please do not let the dining-room fire go out, and—oh! you dear child, what shall I order sent home for your lunch?" said Clem, as the long stretch of apple-strewn road. To

"Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." and when Clem spoke I felt almost a kinship table. It was nearly eleven o'clock when the doors closed after Clem, and I said to myself— I felt that words couldn't do it justice! But I with a delighted little sigh-"I shall have such knew that, henceforth, I should have the most a nice quiet day!" kindly sympathy for every housekeeper who First, I went to my room with the intention ardently desires an occasional nice quiet day. And should be the firmest defender of woman pair of white kid slippers which, worn over cardinal hose, gave me the suspicious appearassert that women never have anything to A PARSON'S DAUGHTER

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

(THE RIGHT WAY.)

THERE are some people who are always in the way—in the right way; who go through this world as though they had hearts; whose sole delight appears to be in doing good and living such a life as the Lord intended that

What a pleasure it is to have them in our way! They are never intrusive, but always welcome; we know that we can rely on them can trust in them, and that their friendship is disinterested, not looking to a reward for their kind ministrations, but doing good solely be cause they consider it their duty so to do.

If you are in affliction, how sweet and bleasant sound their words of comfort, and how much consolation we derive from their visits! They come not to us-these kindly visitants—with long hypocritical faces, with dismal tales of the graveyard so drear and cold, of the worms that will consume the body and mar the faces and forms which have been so beloved and caressed by us, of the fearful gulf we all must pass. No; Heaven bless them they tell us of the bright future, that "Heaven is not so far away;" they hint not at what evil the poor clay may have done while it had life and animation, but they love to dwell on the good deeds done. They forgive and forget what wrong the dead may have done them; they have no memory of what spiteful word we may have said against them; at the first sign of affliction they come to our side, not to upbraid but to comfort, cheer and encourage they come in our way, but it is in the right

Are you in distress? These kindly visitants come to you and strive to relieve you, and not to plunge you in deeper. They endeavor to bring estranged friends together again; they do not tell you of the harsh terms your enemy may have used concerning you; they ask you to remember the kindness of that enemy when

he was your friend. I almost envy the sweet, placid looks of the Sisters of Charity, and I often think that calmness of features must come from the goodness of the heart, from lives that leave self entirely out of the scale, and devote their existence for of its collapse. the bettering of human nature. Are they not always in the way doing good? They are literally "at home" by the bedside of the sick and dying, and, in our last cruel war, who can estimate their usefulness in the hospitals? Many a poor, sick, wounded soldier-father, brother or son-has been less inclined to murclang! sounded the bell again! This time it | mur when watched by one of these angels of

spoke of these good women as "Sisters of Mer-

y" another wrote, "Sisters of Monkery."
It shocked me; for, no matter what one's reed may be, such women would merit but

Good folks are always in the way—the right way; we never feel inclined to show them the their visits are not often enough, and all too brief when these visits are made

I will tell you of some people I like to have get in my way: individuals who are prompt in making payments—who consider the "la-borer worthy of his hire"—who are true to their agreements-who will keep their appoint ments—who will be the same at all timeswill bear with our infirmities, and who will not get mad and flare up when things go

It is pleasant to consider that there are just such persons in the world, many such, for we believe, as we grow older and see more, that there's more of goodness among the people of this world than is imagined. Feople of whom we think badly certainly do have more virtues than we give them credit for. We are apt to think we ourselves are saints when we are sinners, but there isn't much chance of our being willing to acknowledge that we are sinners.

This is a very good world, and there's more sunshine than shadow to our lives. You and I must endeavor to get in other people's way— but let it be the right way—and we shall be more welcome than if we laughed at our neighbors' misfortunes or mocked at their sufferings. And the right way is just as easy to ferings. And the wrong way.
travel in as the wrong way.
EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Some Shaker Notes.

(TO BE SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN.) I HAD heard a little in my life about the Shakers, but beyond lemonade shakers behind counters, and people with the ague in Cattar-augus, and an occasional earthquake, I had never come across a veritable one, so when I got in the near neighborhood of where a settlement of Shakers was I was shaken with the idea of going over and having a friendly shake with the aforesaid Shakers.

It was three miles from the station, and I had to shake my fist in the hack-driver's face before I could prevail on him to shake down his price a little, and as the road was rough, before I got to Shakerstown I was pretty well shaken up, and felt like a Shaker myself.

I met an old Shaker at the gate, and he shook me by the hand in a manner that left no doubt in my mind or in my arm but that he was all that he professed, and perhaps more. I asked him how his wife and family were, and he shook his head and said that he had none of those housefurnishing articles. Then he smiled and shook my hand again, and I said he cer

tainly must be a very happy man.

I told him I had come over to shake up a little acquaintance with the sect, and he start ed around with me.

The first woman we met was on the lawn, shaking carpet. On inquiring how her husband was and all the children (a familiar habit I have), said she:

"Are you married?"
I said, "Most irretrievably so, my dear ma-"Well," said she, "you are about as big a

fool as I thought you were. What would I want with a husband?" "You might support him; take in washing, and let him pass the remainder of his life in

what little peace he could get," said I.

Just here she stopped shaking carpet, and as she made a motion as if she were going to catch me by the collar and shake the dust out of me, I strolled away rapidly.

My guide caught up with me and informed me that the members of that community never married. That the order was one in direct opposition to the Mormons, who married as numerously as they pleased; and then I dered to think what would become of the world if all the people were Shakers.

I know several of my valuable friends who would be in their element if they could only be Shakers; they would shake all over with satisfaction.

I inquired if Shakspeare was not the founder. and he replied that he thought he was.

Their principal occupation seems to be the manufacture of everlasting garden-seeds for the outside world, and that is about the only tie which seems to be between them. I sat down beside an old Shakeress who was

busily engaged in assorting little onion-sets putting the good ones in a pile by themselves for their own use, and the bad ones by themselves to sell to the uncivilized, and sweetly conversed with her. She was as lovely and pretty and beautiful as a second-hand rubber doll-baby that has been squeezed between two boards, and she looked like the storms of fifty years had endeavored to shaker all to piece and had not failed very much on the job.

'Were you born here?" I asked, "but pardon me, I guess I am to understand that Shakers are never born."

"No, I was not born here; came here when I was thir—twenty-four years old." "Was it the general scarcity of a husband

that led you to renounce the hope of getting married?" I continued. "No, indeed!" with an accent of onions on

the words, as she put the hair back that was hanging out on either side of her sun-bonnet. It seems to me this is a lonely kind of a

life to lead when the world is wide, and beautiful and enchanting and full of happiness: and, think of it-to sit cooped up here with no manly heart to love you, as it were, and to lay your head on, and cheer your path in its lonesome descent. Don't you think, now, that you might get married if some good man would come along?

She gently emptied the little onions out of her lap, folded her hands, looked up with a smile, and asked: "Are you in search of a wife?"

"Not this afternoon," I answered, in the distance, and I shook like a Shaker. One Shakeress, of long standing, actually laid her hand gingerly upon my arm and asked me if I had come there to join the Shakers. I sadly shook my head, and replied that my wife wouldn't hear of such a thing; besides, had no idea of ever becoming a male nun until the world began to get into the neighborhood

"Ah," she said, "you would make a dear Shaker, and it would be kind o' nice to call you brother." I shook her, and then found myself over among a lot of brothers of all ages and sexes, who were all shaking with the ague, and amusing themselves in packing garden-seeds and shaking them down. I noticed that they were not particular about assorting the seeds, "Her touch was so like mother's that | for they put the radish-seed into the beet pack was the discrete transformed by the solid transformed as though mother was bending over ages, and the cabbage-seed into the tomato works, will be pleased to learn this solid to the transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the tomato ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the pumpkin-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the comator ages, and the cabbage-seed into the comator ages, and the pumpkin-seed into the comator ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the gou I have the solid transformed ages, and the cabbage-seed into the comator ages, and the cabbage ages ages, and the cabbage ages, and the cabbage ages, and the cabbage ages, and the cabbage

said the labels on the packs didn't interfere with the seeds in the least. I said I thought

They took me and showed me their stock There were fine Early Rose Horses, and Short Top Cows, and Rutabaga Pigs, and Early Seedling Chickens, and Neshannock Sheep, and Hot-bed Goats, and Late Dwarf Geese.

The cream of the Shakers was a crowd of young Shaker maidens in the dairy, making outter and cheese, some with real pretty face inside of white caps and good enough for the outside world. Whenever the elders see a litle disposition springing up between the young folks to be a little too brotherly or sisterly, they shake their heads, and they sit down on

the quick. The yrants!
The maidens have got to love all the men alike, and very little of that, and it.isn't

a fair shake for these young Shakers. In the evening I attended the religious dance in the chapel, the women in rows on one side and the men in rows on the other. I saw one young female Shaker there who was pretty enough to make a man shake his resolution not to marry again until he got a divorce. I was so overcome that I went up to her when the dance was over and asked her if I could not have the honor of dancing the next set with her. She smiled and said, "Nay."

I neighed. We had a good plain supper, but as the men and women eat separately, I did not get an opportunity to escort any of the fair Shakersses to the table, and so the supper was very

When I left, they all went with me to the gate with tears on their eyelashes, which they shook off. They shook hands, and I shook the

back they were all shaking their handkerchiefs—the Shakers. Shakingly, WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Topics of the Time.

—Every winter the water from a spring at Chittenden, Vt., freezes and fills a deep gorge with ice, and all summer the residents in the neighborhood are supplied from this source.

—From Ohio comes the news that there will be no decrease in the raising of hogs this year. Of this favorite Western fruit there were 5,500,-000 plucked last year.

—About 12,000 young trees and 45,000 plants have been set out in the parks and squares of Boston in the past season, and 300 bird-houses have been located on the trees at different

—South Norwalk, Ct., has a hermit who lives in a hovel six feet square and six feet high, sustaining life on crows, skunks, woodchucks and such other birds and animals as he can kill with his gun. He is very neglectful of his

—Wire ropes for mines, elevators, and the transmission of power are now being made of the comparatively new alloy, phosphor bronze. These ropes are said to retain their pliability after a long use, and to resist the action of the corrosive water found in mines.

There are single mills at Dahlonega, Ga., that get out \$5,000 worth of gold a month, and not less than \$30,000 worth of gold reaches Atlanta from North Georgia every month, possibly \$50,000. Several specimens of silver ore from a field near Gainsville assay \$76 to the

-"Stonewall" Jackson was one of the most — Stonewaii Jackson was one of the most courteous men imaginable. His wife says: "He never passed a lady on the street, whether stranger or not, without raising his hat. One thing I remember of him: he never looked into a room that he happened to pass when the door was open—not even my own."

—Dr. Muhlenberg was in his youth engaged to marry Miss Coleman, a sister of the lady to whom James Buchanan was betrothed. The young woman died before the time set for the marriage, and it was his grief for this loss that found expression in his famous verses, "I would not live alway." He never married.

—A large part of the business of some of the Western railroads this dull year has been the transportation of emigrants to Texas. The movement to this future empire of the Lone Star is very great. Hundreds of families are going down to occupy the rich lands and pastures of the State. This is better than going to Australia. May the work prosper.

There are now eight large vessels in Mobile Bay loading with timber for Europe, and four others have just cleared. They take on an average wood to the value of ten thousand dollars. Should the proposed breakwater be built in the lower bay, so as to afford a shelter for vessels while loading, this trade would at once develop into an important industry of the city.

—The bottom has not dropped out of the floating college project. Thomas S. Phelps, an experienced officer in the United States navy, is to command the vessel, which will sail next October on a two years' voyage around the world. ber on a two years voyage around the world. The students who have agreed to go are members or graduates of Michigan University. The expense will not exceed \$3,000 a year for each student, and may come within \$2,500.

-Victor Hugo can't write a word after he has tasted solid food; so his breakfast hour is fixed at one o'clock, and all are summoned but the master. No one ventures to disturb him. His underdone cutlet is there; if he comes in to time, he has it hot; if not, he very contentedly eats it stone-cold, sometimes at three or four in the af-ternoon. One of Hugo's peculiarities is writing "copy" so plainly that it is almost like a sheet copy" so plainly that it is amost that are simply f print, and writing letters that are simply

—The throne-room of the sultan at Constanti-The throne-room of the sultan at Constantinople is gorgeous. The gilding is unequaled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs one of the superb Venetian chandeliers, whose two hundred lights make a gleam like that of a veritable sun. At each of the four corners of the room tall candelabra in Baccaret class are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet and with arms and back of pure gold. In the daytime floods of brilliant light pour into this room from the three great windows looking out on the Bosphorus, Scutari and the Sea of Marmora.

-In these days of steamships and headlong runs across the Atlantic and up and down the coast, the performance of the Yankee clipper coast, the performance of the Yankee chipper ships are too apt to be overlooked entirely. Yet they maintain their ancient reputation for speed, and there are many of these stately ships which sail in and out of this port, which, with a fair wind, would bowl past the average steamer grandly, and show it a clean pair of heels. An instance of what a Yankee clipper could do is found in a recent run of the Young America to New York from San Francisco. In four days she made the following distances: First day, 365 miles; second, 360; third, 358, and fourth, 340. During three days she carried top-During three days she carried topmast studding sails,

-In the forests of France and the Pyrenees the wolves last winter attacked some shepherds, and they now and then venture within the walls of lonely chateaus and farm-houses. But their on lonely characters and farm-houses. Due their numbers, of course, cannot be compared with the enormous hosts of savage beasts in Russia, which one may perhaps guess at from the quantity of wolves which must band together to kill and carry off one able-bodied ox. The writers of good little books, who invariably illustrate the virtue of self-sacrifice by the story of Eric, the faithful serf, who rescued his master's family by throwing himself as food to the wolves, will be pleased to learn that opportuni-

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "The Common Way of It;" "What It deant?" "Ruby and Gold;" The World, the flesh and the Devil;" "All For Love;" "What of Chee;" "The Last of Ten;" "A Rope for a Friend;" The Moss Agate;" "Come Home."

Declined: "A Robust Saint;" "The Whirlpool's Secret;" "A Little Too Soon; "Catching Crabs;" "A Big Haul;" "The Gambler's Remerse;" "Hop-ing Against Fate;" "The Ruse She Played." W. A. D. H. We do not care to see the MS. E. L. "Lady of Trent" starts off very well. As descriptive it is good. The other poem just bare y passable

Argust M. Cannot be bothered to answer in-quiries by mail. There is no known remedy for the rouble. Bathe feet in ammoniated water fre-quently, and change socks every day. Wear low

Bessie Geary. We do not, under any circumstances, approve of those sorts of "private marriages" where no announcement is made until weeks or months afterward. No girl should consent to such a proceeding.

such a proceeding.

MESSRS. Your clear, easily-read handwriting encourages the examination of the MS. Much MS. is either so blindly written or so extremely fine in its chirography as to make its perusal by the editor a serious labor. Such MS. is pretty sure to be put aside for a more convenient or less busy day that is pretty sure not to come. Authors who want a sure consideration of their offerings will learn by dear experience that a good manuscript is a great commendation to an editor's favor.

MB. I. V. asks. "Is there some really effectual

mendation to an editor's favor.

Mrs. J. V. asks: "Is there some really effectual way of cleaning kid gloves at home? I have tried several methods, but all fail to make the gloves look neat enough to wear for good again." We know that some young ladies clean gloves quite as nicely at home as they are done at the "dyer's." Ten cents' worth of benzine, purchased of a druggist, will cleanse three pairs of gloves. Pour the liquid in a saucer, and rinse a glove, "up and down," in it, squeezing out the dirt with the hands. Then lay the glove upon a soft cloth, on a flat, hard surface, and rub with soft white cloth until dry.

surface, and rub with soft white cloth until dry.

AMATEUR GRADENER. Go to the woods and gather a quantity of green ground-moss. Line the inside of your wire muzzles, or baskets, with this, so that the green side of the moss shows through the wires. Work the moss with your hands until you have formed a solid clayey shell. Let this harden a little, then fill with rich soil. Your baskets should be very full of plants to look well. Fill with ornamental grasses, bignonias, trailing lobelia, yellow mayrtle, German ivy, cigar plants, coleui, sedums, caladiums, etc. Twice a day you should take down your baskets and immerse them in a pail of water. Shaker dust from my feet, and when I looked

water. Rob. S. K. asks: "In playing games of science, strength or skill with young ladies, should gentlemen try to beat them; or is it etiquette to allow the ladies to win? As a general rule, we imagine young ladies would very much resent "being allowed" to win a game. The best way, in most cases, is to play your best, no matter who is your partner or opponent. But where a lady and gentleman are playing a game alone, and he is much the better player of the two, it would be both kind and polite for him to occasionally allow the lady to win a game if he can do so without her discerning his action

CHARLIE. Miss Neilson is married, but she retains her stage name of Adelaide Neilson. Her husband's name is Lee. Kate Claxton is also married; her name is Mrs. Dore Lyon.—A "cosmojolite" is "a citizen of the world." It means a person who spends his life in many cities, and is derived from the Greek words kosmos, the world, and polis, a city.—If a lady invites you to act as her escort to a place of amusement you should endeavor to comply with her request. At all events, send her an immediate answer.—Answers to invitations should, if at all possible, be sent by messenger and not by mail.

not by mail.

ROLAND M. says: "I lately met a young lady with whom I am acquainted and she 'cut me.' Twice I have had invitations to call upon her, and have meant to go, but failed to do so. I think the young lady is offended at that, but she is not now living where I can call upon her. How shall I regain her favor?" Write her a polite note begging her to pardon your delinquency. It is all that you can do; but having incurred the lady's displeasure to such an extent that she has "cut you," it is doubtful if you again succeed in numbering yourself among her friends. Gentlemen should be very punctual in keeping engagements with laddes.

M. Y. A. It is your place to call after the lady.

M. V. A. It is your place to call, after the lady called and you were away from home, just as much as if you had seen her.—Iced tea or coffee may be used as freely at home as at a hotel. The tea or used as freely at home as at a hotel. The tea or coffee is served hot; goblets are placed in saucers, and filled with cracked ice, and the beverage is poured directly upon the ice. It is then sweetened, to taste, by the guests, and cream may be added to the tea, if preferred. For coffee whipped cream is served from a glass dish or bowl. The sugar and cream should be served in small dishes, and the guests help themselves at pleasure. The ice, also, should be served upon the table from a wide, deep dish.

Mollie D. asks: "Is there any difference between a lover, a suitor, a betrothed and an afflanced? If so, what are the distinctions?" A lover is generally understood to signify a gentleman who is in love with a lady, and who is engaged to her; though it is also used to designate a gentleman who evidences great affection for the opposite sex—between whom and himself there are no yows. A suitor is a gentleman who is paying his addresses to a lady, with intent to win her as his wife, but who has not yet been accepted as her future husband. A betrothed is a person engaged. The word is used indiscriminately of either sex. Affiance is the French word to designate a gentleman who is betrothed or plighted; while affiancee means a betrothed lady. MOLLIE D. asks: "Is there any difference between a lover, a suitor, a betrothed and an affianced?

SPECULATOR, Doyletown. The modus operandi of "operations" on Wall street cannot be explained in any space we could devote to an answer to your query. The movements in stocks are due to causes almost wholly extraneous to the real value of the stock being inflated or depressed for purely speculative purposes. If a man has the stock to sell he is a "bull;" he does all he can to inflate the stock and make it go up, even to the most outrageous lying and deceit. This lying isn't lying on Wall street: it is business. If he is short of the stock and has to buy to fill his orders or contracts he is a "bear," and then his game is to depress the stock, so as to buy as cheap as possible, and to do that he will lie in a steady stream all day or a week if need be, and if he succeeds in depressing the stock he is rated "a good operator." This, in brief, is operating on Wall street. It is simply stupendous duplicity.

JENNIE B. L., Altoona, Pa, writes: "If a gentle-

JENNIE B. L., Altoona, Pa, writes: "If a gentleman presents a lady with a handsome ring, with the request that she will wear it constantly, do you think he means the same as if he had asked the lady to marry him; and does the acceptance of the ring signify her promise to do so? How is the lady to know, if a gentleman is not definite beyond his giving such a gift?" The gift of a ring, to a lady from a single gentleman, who is not a relative or elderly family friend, is supposed to announce a betrothal between the parties. A lady should be able to judge by the gentleman's attentions to her what he means by such a gift. Except as a betrothal emblem a lady should never accept a gift of a ring from a young or unmarried gentleman. Nor is it usual for a gentleman to make presents of jewelry to a lady, unless he is engaged, or related to her, or is a very intimate family friend. JENNIE B. L., Altoona, Pa, writes: "If a gentle-

or related to her, or is a very intimate family friend.

Cora Taft. As you ask a recipe for "bird'snest' pudding, and there are two puddings designated by that name, yet entirely unlike, we give both. Pare and core six juicy, tart apples; pack them in a deep dish with a cup of lukewarm water; cover them tight and steam in the oven until soft through. In the mean time you must have soaked a tea-cup full of tapioca, in three cups of lukewarm water, for five or six hours, keeping it in a warm place and stirring it occasionally. When the apples are done fill the center of each with sugar and a clove, and pour upon them the tapioca. Bake an hour and eat with sauce. The other dish is particularly pretty and nice if well made. Make blanemange of corn starch, milk, sugar, a pinch of salt and flavoring to taste. Have nine egg-shells, from which the contents have been poured through a tiny hole in the small end. Wash with water, and fill with the blane-mange, and set—open end up—in a pan of flour until the next day. Cut the rind from two oranges, in long, narrow strips. Stew gently in a little water, until tender; add half a cup of sugar and simmer fifteen minutes in the syrup. Without breaking the strips put them out upon a plate to cool. Make a quart of firm jelly, of any kind you prefer; reserve a large cupful, and fill a glass dish with the remainder. Break the shells from the artificial eggs and lay upon the jelly; piling them neatly in the center, not too high. Lay the orange-peel (artificial straw) over and around them. Warm the reserve jelly so that it will run, but not be hot, and pour over the straw and eggs. Set in a cold place to form. When firm turn carefully upon another dish so that what was the bottom will now be the top.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

next week.

THE WHIRLWIND.

The whirlwind! the whirlwind! a monarch is he; And he sways a wide region—the land and the sea. And who is so dauntless that bends not in fear When he passes along in his mighty career?

When the sky has a hazy and slumberous air, Trust not to the calm, for the whirlwind is there; He is gathering his powers, ere he marshals the

For his journey of storm over ocean and earth. The soft winds, that nourish the blossoms and flow-

Flee away from the forests, the fields and the bow To their caverns of coolness in terror they hie, For they know that the king of the tempest is nigh.

He comes on his chariot—the pyramid-cloud; And the voice of his coming is haughty and loud; For he vaunteth his strength, and he shouts, in his

That no spirit of storm is so mighty as he.

Who bend not before him, where er he may go, With a sweep of his right hand he levels them low; For an absolute monarch is he, and his path, Like the path of a despot, is ruin and wrath.

Ay, he makes for himself a wide track as he goes; The high and the proud, like a reaper, he mows— The tallest of trees in the old forest lands, And the mansion that proud in its masonry stands. Then he hurries away where the wide waters sweep, And sinks the stout ship in the fathomless deep; And his broad pinions lash the wild billows amain, Till they leap in their terror and howl in their pain.

Yet the monarch of winds, in his lordliest hour, Still spareth the low. "bat brave not his power; Scarce stirs he the stream that meanders the dell, And the small bark that rides on its fairy-like swell

Far away from the breath of his meteor-gale, The flower and the shrub are unburt in the vale; And the cot, that stands low neath the shelterin

Is safe when the tempest is working its will. The whirlwind! the whirlwind! a monarch is he; And he sways a wide region—the land and the se And who is so dauntiess that bends not in fear When he passes along in his mighty career?

A Bachelor's Advice.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"OH, dear! I do wonder what he will say when he reads my letter? I am afraid to send it, after all; but, if I don't, what will I do?" Edith Trevor's blue eyes were misty with something very like tears, although she would have denied to herself that her brave little

heart was really very despondent.

She was a little creature, delicate and fair as a hot-house blossom, with soft, sweet blue eyes the very shade of a violet petal, and with a complexion pale as alabaster, that made ala startling contrast to her dark blueblack hair.

She was only nineteen-and a widow, and so illy adapted to make her way alone through the world, both from her delicate, dainty reserve and helplessness, that was not at all commensurate with her determination to do the best she could, and from the sharp, sudden change from being the petted darling of her husband to her position of loneliness and almost utter friendlessness

She was an orphan when Harry Trevor married her, living with an aunt who had since died, and her husband had taken her to a home among strangers, hundreds of miles from any one she knew or even had ever heard of. Not that she had at all cared—Harry had been so entirely her all-in-all that it never mattered where she was so long as she was with him; but now in her loneliness and self-dependence she realized keenly what it was to be so iso-

Of course she had acquaintances, which had been very pleasantly made during the few months of her married life, but they were not the sort of people to whom she could go for advice or practical assistance; and at the first, when her wild, numbing grief for her lost love completely paralyzed her, they were kind and Beyond that poor little Edith knew they would never trouble themselves

Then, when Harry had been dead some five had been saved was nearly gone—and Edith. in using it, had only acted as foolishly as both she and Harry had done in trusting to luck for future rainy days-then she began to look about her for means of employment, and for several months had managed somehow to get

Then work such as she could do-fancy knitting and embroidery and pretty lace triflesseemed in much less demand, and Edith discovered that she must find some less precarious means of earning her daily bread.

And then it was that she suddenly decided upon turning her house into a boarding-house -such a little house as it was, too-only capable of accommodating four or five guests but even four or five-when one took into con sideration the fact that the rent was paid for another quarter, (Edith often wondered how it had happened that Harry had paid it in advance only a few days before his death)even four or five well-accommodated, good paying boarders she knew would make her a

So, delicate, ignorant, ambitious little Edith made the venture, and hired a cook, and took the chambermaid's duties upon herself, and suc ceeded in securing five boarders, and tried her best to get along

she couldn't tell why-she didn't get Butalong. Money certainly came in every Saturday night, but bills also came in every Monday morning, and were invariably larger than the amount with which to pay them.

Gradually her indebtedness increased, one of her boarders married and left her, and another fell into the habit of letting his board-bill run on, paying a little on account occasionally, and poor little Edith grew worn and thin and

almost distracted. Then it was, that, one day rummaging among some of Harry's papers, she came across a letter from a distant cousin of his—Mr. John Ransom-and it came to her like an inspiration to

appeal to this friend of Harry's for advice. she wrote her letter-a pitiful, half-despairing, half-desperate sort of letter-and then. when it was sealed and addressed and stamped,

she-oh! so womanlike!-almost determined not to mail it after all. But with many a misgiving, and many a fluctuation between hope and fear, she finally dropped it in the letter-box on the corner lamp

post, with a little gasp when she realized it was really gone from her And as she walked home—such a tiny, girlish looking creature, so graceful and wearied looking—she little imagined she had done that

which was to alter all her future life.

A large, lofty dining-room, furnished in rich crimson maroon and walnut, and gilding and lace and damask curtains. There was an oval breakfast-table, spread with a full silver service, and gilt and white china, and glittering crystal over a warmly red and yellow-white a sumptuous dinner, with her brother's fatable-cloth, that had napkins to match. There vorite stuffed veal and fried eggplant, and was broiled ham and delicious looking eggs, and rolls, and coffee, and fruit. There was a "For he'll be so thoroughly starved and and rolls, and coffee, and fruit. There was a

graceful vase with fresh-cut flowers in it, and sickened with eating the execrable messes in the bright sunshine, streaming in over all,

making a pratty, cheery, homelike picture.

At the head of the table, behind the spirit coffee-urn, sat a straight, stern-faced lady, who had seen the sunny side of thirty, long ago, and who was devoting the latter years of her life to superintending her brother's house, and making a pleasant home for him, at least that was what Miss Althea Ransom herself said was er self-imposed missio

Perhaps she thought because she always had the meals well cooked and on time, because there never went into Mr. Ransom's hands a shirt guilty of a missing butten, because she never troubled him with verbatim reports of the servants' misdoings—perhaps because of all these undeniably good things, Miss Althea conscientiously believed she did make a happy, pleasant home for her brother.

But-well, Mr. Ransom certainly did not look at all like a miserable man as he sat com-fortably at the opposite end of the table, and he certainly did look like a very fine manly one, with his large, symmetrical personnel, his pleasant, good-humored, intelligent face, with its bright, cheery hazel eyes, luxuriant, ing dark-brown hair, cut close to his head, his handsome mouth and teeth, his long, glossy brown side-whiskers.

Not a boyish, not even a young face, but a good, honest, more than ordinarily good-look ing one, that did not belie his age-forty-

And to this gentleman Edith Trevor's letter had come, and was this minute lying opened, and more than once read, beside his plate. "You seem to have uncommonly interesting news this morning, John. If it's no

He interrupted her cheerfully: "Nothing of the sort. There, read it for

And Miss Althea's cold, hard eyes read the daintily-written little letter Edith's trembling

hands had penned. "I should say she had an abundance of what people call 'cheek,' John. The idea of Harry

Trevor's widow taking upon herself the boldness of writing to you, a single man! What does she want, anyhow?" Mr. Ransom buttered a warm roll while he

"Her letter is rather inexplicit, I must say. I suppose she is in trouble, somehow, and simply applies to an old friend of her husband tance and advice

A dark frown corrugated the lady's brow. "It's very romantic, indeed; coming to you for advice who knows so much about the trials of married life, or the vicissitudes of widow-Ten to one she is up to some artful dodge, John. I'll take her address, and run down and see her. If she's a strong, energetic woman, not above earning an honest living, I suppose I might bring her back to take the up-stairs girl's place, who leaves when her month is up

And although Mr. Ransom inly wondered what more she knew of the "trials of mar-ried life" than he, he nevertheless indorsed her determination that she should personally see in what respect she could be of use to Harry Trevor's widow.

So it came about that by the close of the week Miss Althea Ransom was the occupant of one of Mrs. Trevor's rooms, lately vacated by a lodger, for some reason or other.

And an experience it was to her, herself a model manager and housekeeper, who could cook anything, from a cup of coffee to a dinner of half a dozen courses for a score of peole; and poor distracted little Edith, trying her best to be in a half-dozen places at on consequently never in the right one at the right time-never knowing her severe-faced, primmannered new-comer was a sort of spy of the land—was waiting and hoping and despairing for the letter from her husband's friend.

Then, the very day after Miss Althea had taken her things and departed for home, Edith's cook mutinied, and the result was, Edith was left with her remaining two boardrun the establi

It was at the very worst then, Edith thought; nothing more could happen; only she did not know the report Miss Althea had

carried home, nor the result of that report. Mr. Ransom had been reading the evening paper when Miss Althea unfolded her budget

"It is just as I expected, and yet not as I expected, John. She is a shiftless little ignoramus, only fit to be dressed up in ribbo and laces and set on a revolving pedestal in a dressmaker's window." The tone of her voice was inexpressible.

Mr. Ransom looked up, interestedly. "Then she is pretty?"
"Pretty! oh, yes. She is pretty enough—delicate looking and small as a girl of thirteen,

with blue eyes and black hair-if you admire that style, which I don't.' 'She must be very pretty-very pretty, and

petite women are always graceful. marry again, I dare sav.' 'And the more fool he who saddles himself with such a helpless little thing—helpless and ignorant and sickly, I dare say. All the same,

it is kind of a pity she has to do for herselfand yet, people can't be forever helping everybody they see needing it.' And Miss Althea opened her "Madame" and settled down to her evening's recreation of reading in a decided sort of way that inti-

nated she had settled in her own mind that as Edith Trevor had begun so she should continue -doing for herself the best she could. But Mr. Ransom dissipated any such deci-

"I am interested in spite of myself, Althea I remember Trevor's writing me about her. I know he adored her, and Trevor's taste was good. I think I'll find her when I go down to

the city to-morrow. Miss Althea's lips and nose nearly met in an

unmistakable sneer 'Don't be a fool, John! She'll wheedle and coax you into paying her bills or her note, like enough-or I shouldn't be surprised to learn when you come home you have agreed to start

her in business again. Mr. Ransom smiled. "Like as not she'll do both, Althea. What

if she should?" And Miss Althea found it impossible to be come interested in Benedict's " Madame gain, that night, or the next day either, for that matter, because a telegram had come to ward night, announcing that ber brother would not return at once, but would advise her

when to expect him. The days wore on, and it was not until a fortnight from the time Mr. Ransom had gone that Miss Althea was apprised of his expected return—at eight in the evening, the telegram curtly said.

So Miss Althea bustled around and ordered

that child's house that a good meal will be a godsend. Poor boy! I expect he will com back tired and worn out with his trip, anddisgusted with Edith's babyish ways.

At just ten minutes after eight when she heard carriage-wheels at the door, and it was just one minute after that she greeted her brother John in the hall.

"My dear boy! It is so good to see you And Mr. Ransom kissed her, and returned

"Yes. I'm glad to be home again. Come, my darling, and let my sister kiss you!"
And then, Miss Althea saw that her brothe

John had not come home alone.
"I—beg—your pardon—what did you say? She said it in awful tones that had not the east effect on the gentleman who had drawn a little gloved hand through his arm.

"This is Edith, Althea—my wife." Edith gave a little pleading glance at Miss Althea's horror-stricken face.

"Your wife, John Ransom! Well, of all Mr. Ransom quietly interrupted:

"My wife, I said, Althea. My loved little wife whom I have brought to her own home as its mistress and sole queen. Please do not make me remind you of that fact again.

So it all came about—so naturally to two of them, so provokingly to Miss Althea, but who, in time, was won by her sister-in-law's sweetness and gentleness, and who bloomed into the very perfection of refined, happy womanhood in the atmosphere of love which surrounded

Nor did Edith ever regret she sent her let-

A Girl's Heart:

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD. AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

> CHAPTER X. A DREAD ALTERNATIVE.

Mr. EDWARD DENT did not seem to rest well that night-or, rather, he did not rest at

After the lamps were lighted he haunted the parlors, wandering through them like some perturbed spirit doomed to linger on the spot where its transgressions would continually present themselves in the most hideous as

He sought Mrs. Heathcliff for a brief inter view, in the library, and when that was end d went back to his old promenade through the richly-furnished apartments.

Eleven o'clock found him smoking a cigar on the veranda. By this time the house was still. Nearly everybody had retired, for they kept early hours at Fairlawn.

Suddenly the hall door was softly opened, and a dark figure crept noiselessly toward the terrace steps. Mr. Dent quickly extinguishe his cigar, and leaned further back in the shadow, fervently praying that the smell of the smoke might not betray his proximity.

A dark, sinister smile was on his lip, for he

had recognized the figure at a glance.
"And so my dainty Rachel takes midnight rambles," he muttered. "It does not surprise

Then, with the ferocious eagerness of a panther, he slid into the purple gloom of the roses syringas and rhododendrons, and stealthily followed that softly-gliding figure. Toward the lower end of the garden Rachel

made her way, and Mr. Dent, stealing along in the shadows and perfumed gloom, never once lost sight of her. At last she paused near a wicket. It was

or six months, and the little store of funds that | ers, and only a stupid little German girl to | flung eagerly open, and a young man caught her in his arms, and covered her lips with

"My darling," he cried, "I am so glad you have come.

'Are you?" muttered Mr. Edward Dent glaring ferociously upon the pair from his hiding-place. "And I'm glad you've come, my precious young rascal, for I have an ac count to settle with you.'

He made no attempt to approach any nearer, but seemed content to cower there and watch them. They talked for a long time, very earnestly. Rachel seemed to be pleading with her companion, but only an occasional word reached the ears of the watcher.

He heard enough, however, to know that Rachel feared for the young man's safety, and was urging him to leave the neighborhood as quickly as possible.

At last the interview ended. There was a ong embrace, a kiss, a choking down of sobs, and the pair parted.

Rachel crept feebly toward the house, all un-onscious of the eyes that were upon her—the footsteps that kept time to her own. She lifted the latch, and went slowly into the hall. A dim light was burning there. She paused

a moment, holding fast to the oaken balusters so overcome that she could go no further Her strength seemed utterly to have left her.
She heard the door softly open and close again—the hall door by which she had just stered. She did not turn or look back, but

the sound went straight to her heart. stood as if transfixed, frozen to the spot with an awful terror. A muffled step approached.

"Rachel!" whispered a hoarse voice that she knew only too well.

She rallied sufficiently to raise her eyes. ward Dent was standing beside her, with his sneering face bent toward her own, She did not shriek or cry out. The extremity of terror that possessed her was too great for that. But she stood glaring at him

with great, wide-open eyes full of dumb agony and appeal. It needed no word of his to tell her that he had witnessed the interview in the garden. She seemed to know instinctively the calamity that had befallen her.

"Rachel," he whispered, bending over herand he looked like some demon in the uncer tain light, with his gleaming eyes, his dark lv-villainous face, and great, hulking, ungainly figure—"Rachel, you see how helpless you are, and you know my power. Let me warn you to take care."

She shivered, struggled a moment with herself, and at last found voice. "Don't touch me," she moaned. "For God's ake, don't touch me."

He laughed low and mockingly. Poor fool. As if there were contamina ion in my touch. Misfortunes a thousand times worse might happen to you. The words seemed to rouse her a little.

straightened up, gasping for breath "What are you going to do?" she asked. "I have come to no decision."

"You will not harm him? You dare not!" She seemed to forget her fear and aversion for a moment. Turning, she clung to his arm, and looked up eagerly into his cruel face His arm slid about her waist in a half-ca-

'Rachel," he cried, thickly, "how beautiful you are! But you were never more fascinating than you are to-night."

She flung off his arm, and shrunk away from him, moaning piteously.
"Don't trifle with me. I am not strong.

annot bear it. For God's sake have a little The appeal did not touch him. He stood

taring at her with gloating eyes. She was in his toils, this sweet, marvelously-beautiful young girl. He knew the metal of which she was made—nothing short of a miracle could save her from him.

"You asked me just now what I was going to do," he said, after a pause. "That will depend wholly upon yourself."

"Upon me

"Yes. Listen. I am not an impressible man, in general. But your beauty went straight to my heart. I loved you the first time I saw you. I am not handsome and cultured like Dr. Tremaine. But a heart quite as passionate as his throbs in my bosom."

He paused a moment, gave her a swift

glance, and then went on: "That heart is filled with your image, Rachel. I have longed to tell you so before, but you never gave me the opportunity. You would not see me to-day. You have been very

He seemed to wait for a reply of some sort. The girl turned her white, haggard face away from him. She reeled giddily, no longer able

to support herself. He brought a chair, seated her in it, and

"I love you too well to give you up—better than I had deemed it possible to love any woman. You have come between me and ambition-duty. But I fling them both to the winds, and cling only to you. I would make any sacrifice for your sake—any save to give you up. Test me.' A strong, deep shudder was her only answer.

She must have known what he meant, but would not speak. "That man you met in the grounds, just now," he said, breaking the silence that fell.
'Has he told you what I know of him?"

She nodded her head. 'He told me to-night. I did not know be-"You knew he was in trouble of some

sort? "I did." She seemed to be choking with suppres sobs for a moment. Growing calmer, at last,

she added: "He has no secrets from me—the brave, true fellow. But I did not know until tonight that you were mixed up in his af-

"Humph!' A crafty smile curled his thin "I think we can now arrive at an underlip. standing, Miss Rachel. That man is in my power, and you know it. I could place him within the walls of a prison before to-morrow's sun shall set.'

"But you will not," she cried, falling on her knees at his feet. "For God's sake promise me you will not."
"His fate is in your hands." "In mine? Then he shall live-live!" Her voice arose to a hysterical shriek. She

burst into a passionate flood of tears, that shook her whole body. "What would you do for him?" demanded Mr. Dent's cold voice.

"I would give my own life for his." "It is not a life I ask. You can save him in To her wild stare he replied with a wicked

"You do not understand me, Rachel. Let me speak more plainly. If you wish to save that man, you must become my wife." 'Never!" she cried, reeling in her chair, as

'Very well," he replied, with the same fixed nile. "His blood be upon your head!"
"You can save him, and you will not. Oh,

if from a blow.

"It is you who must make the sacrifice-"He would scorn to accept it."

"You must not leave him to choose. She clasped her fingers over her temples; she

felt as if she must be going mad. "Will nothing else satisfy you?" "Nothing. "I have friends here who will help me to

"They cannot," he sneered. "His fate lies in my hands-and yours. Ask him. He will She sat for a moment as if stunned. She looked a ghost. All the bright, rich color had

vanished from her face, leaving it whiter than marble. At last she arose, feebly; she moved again

to the staircase, slowly and with difficulty, as if she had suddenly grown old. "I am helpless," she said. "For his sake I must be your victim. But I warn you to desist. I shall hate you—hate you with a bitterer hatred than that I cherish now."

He changed color at the words and the look "I know you do not care for me, Rachel. Your affections are wrapped up in another. But time will work a change. You will learn to think of me as you ought."

Never!" "But you promise to become my wife?" he demanded, fiercely.

"I promise." She could say no more. Even these words were scarcely articulate. She glided, ghostlike, up the stairs, and the darkness shut

Left alone, Mr. Dent took a hasty turn up and down the dimly-lighted hall. "She is mine—mine!" he muttered, a smile of triumph mingling in the dark villainy of his countenance.

CHAPTER XI.

A STRANGE WOMAN'S VOW. TEN o'clock had struck before Rachel came

down-stairs the next morning. She was missed from the breakfast-table, and Mrs. Heathcliff sent up a solicitous message. Mr. Dent, who occupied his usual place, smiled slightly to himself at his hostess' wellfeigned concern, and sat, with his eyes fixed upon his plate, until the servant had with-

drawn. Then he said: "I beg you will not alarm yourself about Miss Clyde. She will do very well without her breakfast. Engaged young ladies are not proverbial for the voracity of their appe-

"Instantly two pairs of eyes were fixed upon his face. A sudden fire flashed into Grace's

dark orbs; but Mrs. Heathcliff could only stare

"What mean you?" she cried.
Still smiling, still wonderfully self-composed,

e made answer "You must have seen the turn affairs were taking. Surely I need not speak more 'You must speak plainly if you expect me

o understand you at all." "Eh?" shrugging his shoulders, whimsically. I hoped you would spare me the ordeal of onfession. In two words, then, Rachel Clyde

has promised to marry me!"

Mrs. Heathcliff gave a sudden start, and her ace flushed crimson.

"Promised to marry you?" she echoed.
"Yes. Break the news to Colonel Heathcliff, if you please. I am in no mood to confront him.

He rose, abruptly, as he spoke, and crossed to the window, where he stood, idly drumming A brief interval passed. Grace left the

room; then Mrs. Heathcliff glided up to Mr. Dent, and dropped her jeweled hand on his "Edward," she whispered, in a hoarse voice, you have succeeded beyond my expectations,

if you have really wrung from Rachel a pronise to become your wife.

"Bah!" he sneered. "Do you think I am trifling with you?"

"No; you would not dare!" "Perhaps not." "I know you would not. Tell me how you

have accomplished your object. "Excuse me," he answered, bobbing and grinning. "If you were to find the philosooher's stone, would you babble the secret to verybody you met?

She bit the blood from her lip, but was silent. It were not well to anger him.
"Go now," he added, "and face the dragon
for me. You know I am not particularly fond of your delectable husband. This marriage must be pushed as rapidly as possible.'

"And you must help me push it." He shot her a swift glance. She changed olor, slightly, but replied:

"Of course you can depend upon my in-Speaking thus, she turned, and slowly

glided from the room. When Rachel made her appearance at ten o'clock, she went directly to Colonel Heath-cliff's apartment. In the great horror that had so suddenly risen to confront her, she longed to tell him, and throw herself upon his com

She could not see how he could help her. The case was entirely beyond his surgery. But she felt that his sympathy would be very He was sitting in an easy-chair by the win-

dow, very pale, very languid, but surely re-covering from his illness. He looked up, as she ntered, and a sad smile curved his handsome "My poor child," he murmured, and indica-

was enduring? How could she force a confession to her reluctant lips? For some seconds not a word was spoken. At last her eyes crept up to his; she read something strange, piercing, eager in the glance h.

gave her. You know it all," she cried out, sharply.

She shuddered, hid her face, and exclaimed: "It is true—oh, my God!—it is true!" "You are going to marry Edward Dent?"
"I have given him my promise."

This was all the poor, quivering lips could utter. Even these words were scarcely articu-

that was on her face. He saw her tremble and writhe with anguish, and it maddened him. You shall never marry that man!" he

"No no no!" "Then you shall not be his victim! I will stand between you myself. What do you know of him? Nothing. He is old enough to

with a wild, wild sob. "Oh, save me!" she implored. "I will. I love you as though you were my

He kissed her forehead, wiped the hot tears from her cheeks, then gently pushed her from "What would you do?" she cried out, sud-

denly, for he had moved from his chair and was reaching for the bell-rope.
"Send for Mr. Dent, and tell him here, in our presence, that you will not be permitted keep a promise forced from you.

lse in the sweet solace of his sympathy. this movement on his part brought her to her

"That is a foolish scruple. Let me ring 'No, no, no," she cried, so earnestly that he

from which he had risen. 'I don't like that man," he muttered. "He is full of low cunning and trickery. Oh, Rachel, you must not go on with this wicked

back with such a white, set face that he feared he would faint. "I am very unhappy," she said, speaking in low, hoarse whisper. "It would be a mercy

'Oh, Rachel!' "It would," she went on, wearily. "You do not know the whole truth. There are reasons why I must marry Edward Dent. There is no escape for me. I know it—I feel it

"Reasons?" he echoed, catching eagerly at that single word.

She bowed her head. "I was sure of it! It all seems very strange and horrible. I knew there must be some mys-

open abruptly at this instant.

It was Madame Gale who entered. Her

ted a stool at her feet. She took it, trembling all over. Oh, how ould she tell him all the pain and anguish she

'Some one has told you!" He gently stroked her hair.

Some one has told me a very singular story, Rachel. But I will not believe it.

Colonel Heathcliff saw the frightful pallor

cried, fiercely, rising in his chair. "The dark-browed villain! I know you do not love

e your father! Rachel sprung forward, clinging to his arm

own daughter. Let me exercise a father's au-

"Oh, no, no! You must not do that!" She caught his hand, dragging it down again. For a moment she had forgotten everything

"It cannot be helped," she moaned. "I have pledged my word. It must be kept, at desisted, and sunk back wearily in the chair

She closed her eyes for a moment, drawing

a low, hoarse whisper. "It if I could die this moment."

You can only pity me. All the rest lies with

tery. Tell me all about it, my child." He spoke so kindly, so very gently that she must have yielded had not the door been thrust

lark face seemed convulsed. Her eyes were full of fire, and a red spot flamed in either

She shot Colonel Heathcliff a swift glance in passing, then caught the girl's hand, and drag-ged her into the hall outside the door.

"What is this I hear?" she then demanded, imperiously. "Tell me at once, child. Have you pledged yourself to this stranger, to this wretch who calls himself Edward Dent? Rachel bent her head, and answered:

of anger and fury.
"This is Pauline's work! She has some object to accomplish. She is forcing you to wed

"No," answered Rachel, "Mrs. Heathcliff has nothing to do with it. I have made my

'Faugh!' looking at her with a black, witch like stare. "Do you think to deceive me Would you make me believe you love that vil lain?"

"I must marry him." "Fool!" shrieked madame, shaking her fis wildly in the air.

She suddenly grew calm again. Her stern face softened. Perhaps the anguish expresse in the abject attitude and burning eyes of the young girl had touched her heart. At an rate she stooped suddenly and kissed her cheel

"My child," she said, in a low voice, looking all around, "I have been a stern, hard guar dian. You have never found me sympathetic or generous. You have been wronged and illused from first to last. But, as God hears me, I have loved you through it all, and I love you

She gasped, hesitated. Rachel drew back little, staring hard at her. She was startled She saw a change in Madame Gale, but knew not what to make of it. For the moment is

brought no relief—only increased her distress "I've made up my mind to stand by you, madame went on, in that same odd way, and with that same odd expression upon her features. "It was a struggle, but I cannot see you suffer. Whoever seeks to harm you here after will have to answer to me.'

CHAPTER XII.

TRYING TO SEE IN THE DARK. MADAME's lips closed together sharply. St stood quite silent, eying Rachel with a mean ing soowl that had something of real kindnes behind it.

Tie girl's face flushed suddenly. In spite the misery she was in, hope wakened into nev life in her bosom—she scarcely knew why.
"Oh," she cried, "I am sure you can hel anybody can! You will-promise m you will?

Bah! Have I not promised already?" She knitted her brows, and stood rubbin her yellow hands together. She was evident

"Why do you think I can help you?" she de manded, presently.

Because—because— "Because what, you silly child?"
Rachel gathered courage, and finally wer

on, incoherently:
"It has just occurred to me! Perhaps cannot make you comprehend. But there some mystery. You, Madame Gale, are mixed up in it. So is Mrs. Heathcliff. You book know something of me which you are unwill ing to tell."

Madame laughed shrilly, and said:

"Go on."
"There is some secret understanding tween Mrs. Heathcliff and Mr. Dent. Den stare and shake your head; I know there is You may be mixed up in that mystery, too don't know-things are terribly jangle. But if you are, I am sure you can set every thing right, somehow, so that I will not be compelled to marry that dreadful man."

She paused to take breath. Her eager eye

vere upon madame's face. She seemed to be trying to read her through and through.
"Its all a mistake," said madame, dryly

don't know anything about Mr. Dent. You're a cunning little thing, but this time you have made a mistake. You have, in-

Rachel clasped her fingers over her temples. 'Then I am lost!" she moaned, leaning heavily against the wall.

Madame stood scowling and thinking. last she moved a little and laid her great hand upon the back of Rachel.

Tell me why you are going to marry Mr. Deat," she said.

The girl writhed, hesitated, and glanced fearfully up and down the passage. Finally she whispered a few words close to madame's

They must have been startling words, for the witch-like old woman recoiled sharply. 'Just Heaven!" she cried, "is he here?"

"Hush!" whispered Rachel, warningly.
"You will not betray him? Oh, I know you dare not No. I shall not betray him."

There followed a brief silence. Madame

broke it. And so it is to save him that you have promised to marry Mr. Dent?"

"Humph!" she grunted, with a grimace.
"What a precious fool you are! I never dreamed of that."

Then she added I begin to understand this Mr. Dent a little better. Pauline is a hyprocrite. She should have told me; but she did not. Bah! it is no

Rachel tried to speak, but could not. She

was quivering all over. So much- so very much—depended upon that interview. 'Have you no more to say to me?" demanded madame, after a pause.

She gasped four words in reply:

-you-save-me?" Madame knitted her brows again, frowning a little, and finally made answer:

'I don't know. I'm sorry he-you know whom I mean-is mixed up in this affair. But you would not desert him even to save yourself—don't take the trouble to shake your head—I know without that you would not." Then, eying Rachel sternly all round, she so still. But circumstances have compelled

demanded: 'Why has he not shown himself to me?" Perhaps he was afraid to do so.

"Humph!" grunted madame. "No matter. Now go, child. I will do what I can for you. And you must try to trust me more fully than you have done before.'

Though strangely sick at heart, Rachel tried sweetly. to nod assent, but her stubborn head scarcely sible.

Madame grinned, turned sharply, and swept stling into the apartment where Colonel Heathcliff was sitting.

Rachel moved slowly down the passage. When she reached the main hall, everything seemed to blur before her eyes, of a sudden. Her limbs tottered, and there was a ringing in ears. She pushed open the nearest door, and staggered to a seat

It was the library she had entered. A fig-

"Rachel," she cried out sharply, "I want ure rose up from the obscurity of the remote portion of the apartment. Rachel heard a ly offered. He caught her hand almost fierce-quick, firm step, and struggled hard with the ly to his lips and cried out: deathly lethargy that seemed to be stealing

away her senses. She looked up.
Dr. Tremaine was coming toward her, almost as pallid and agitated as herself. His sudden appearance was like a shock. It aroused her from the faintness and stupor that

What has happened?" he cried, pausing at Madame gave a sharp little cry. It was full her side, and speaking in a low, deep tone that

thrilled her strangely.
"Nothing," she stammered.
"You are ill," he persisted.

No, no. It was a sudden faintness. See, am better now. The color was coming back to her cheeks,

the light to her eyes. The mere enchantment of his presence had wrought the change. "Yes," he murmured, "you are growing more like yourself again. He hesitated, with his eyes fixed eagerly upon her face. A torrent of words seemed to choke his utterance. Giving way to them at

last, he cried out, sharply "Oh, Rachel, I cannot give you up. I cannot keep away from you! Something more powerful than my own will draws me to your side. I know it is wrong and wicked. I know I am weak, foolish, beside myself! But you will bear with me, and let my great love plead my excuse?"

Rachel turned away her face at those burning words, pained, startled, grieved.
"Oh, hush, hush!" she moaned.

"Do I only add to the burden you carry?" he asked, reproachfully. "It is hard—it is very hard. I would die for you." 'Hush!" she whispered again, in a heart-

Will you not listen? God help me! Do you know I gathered hope from your manner when last we met? I thought my fears might all have been groundless, and you were free to return my love.

She clasped her hands and a slight moan escaped her lips. "Was I wrong?" he pleaded, passionately. "I must know. Was I wrong in thinking you

might learn to love me?" I cannot be your wife," she in wered. He caught his breath sharply. An expression of blank dismay settled upon his face.

Forgive me," he said. The hopeless resignation of his tone went straight to her heart. She threw out her hands feebly.

"Don't misunderstand me," she cried.
There is a barrier between us that neither you nor I can surmount. God be merciful to us both! He caught her hand, drew it to his lips and

covered it with impetuous kisses.
"If that barrier is not love for another, will surmount it," he exclaimed, eyes and fa-

all aflame. Rached sighed drearily. t is my promise to another, Dr. Tre-

He started, growing pale again. He thought of that night in the garden, when he had seen her clasped close to another man's hear. What did it all mean? What was this mystery? Was she playing with him -leading him on while her affections were bound up in an-"A promise?" he repeated, hoarsely. "Have you promised to wed another?"

She bowed her head. But you do not love him? I have a right

to know. You do not love him?" "What matters it?" she answered, hiding her white, haggard face. "Nothing but death can release me from my vow. Go, go! You are driving me mad. I cannot endure this

The sharp anguish of this appeal would not let him linger. He dropped a hot kiss upon her bowed head, then turned and went slowly from the room. Like one in a dream he staggered out into

the sunshine and the open air. A white dress ame fluttering toward him, gliding through the shrubbery It was Grace Atherton. She gained his

side, and her hand fell gently as a snowflake upon his arm. Her eyes were full of soft and Going away?" she cried, reproachfully.

'I am so sorry I did not know you were here.

Did you find anybody to entertain you?"
"Miss Clyde," he answered. She gave a perceptible start.

'And so you saw Rachel? I am glad of t. Of course she told you the news?" that. What news Grace forced a laugh, and returned, in a

"She is to marry Mr. Dent." 'Mr. Dent!' Dr. Tremaine recoiled as if he had been

struck. His face grew ghastly.
"I don't think I understand you," he said, harshly. You did. I said Rachel was going to mar-

ry Mr. Dent. "Impossible!" He gasped out the word, while his brow grew dark and lowering.

"It is too true," murmured Grace. "I would not have believed it. But she makes no secret of her intentions. I can't understand No more could Dr. Tremaine. He stood

quite still, growing hot and cold by turns. He felt angry, hurt, humiliated. He had only thought of the mysterious stranger. It had never once occurred to him

that it was Mr. Dent to whom her word was Why was it? Why had she given herself up to the man she feared and hated?

"It is very odd," he said, with a ghastly smile. Very. He is so old, so coarse, so vulgar, so unsuited in every way. It must be a powerful motive that induced her to betroth her-

She gave him a swift glance and went on: "I have not forgotten the discovery we made in the garden that night. I was sure the man Rachel met then was her lover. I think

her to give him up, and accept Mr. Dent. "Doubtlessly you are right."
The words fell slowly from his lips. He was smiling his best. But it was a strange, forced smile in which pain, mortification and scorn were all mingled.

"I hope she will be happy," said Grace, weetly. "But I do not see how that is pos-Her soft glance, so full of magnetism and subtle sympathy was upon Dr. Tremaine's face. Her scented breath fanned his cheek. She stood beside him, bright, beautiful, gentle, wo-

manly, all-to outward seeming-that man

could ask to make the sum of earthly happi-Her graceful figure was slightly inclined toward him. Was it imagination-or did her lovely face express an emotion stronger and deeper than sympathy?

ly to his lips and cried out:
"God bless you! You, at least, are good

Then he swung swiftly on his heel and strode way. Grace stood watching him, her cheeks away. dyed with blushes and her heart throbbing

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

COME HOME

BY ELIHU LIZZARD.

My own dear wife, I write to you
To tell you what an awful stew
Things have got into since you left—
Was man before e er so bereft?
At first I thought that I could de
The managing as well as you,
But how I missed it you will see
When you return. Ah, wretched me!
The very day you took the train
Your aunt came down with little Jane,
And a more lovely little mite
Has never lived to cry all night.
Why, bless your soul, she was so spry
She'd stay awake all night to cry,
And I don't think I missed a note
That issued from her little throat.
I know that I am growing thin I know that I am growing thin And old and haggard by this din, And slowly sinking all the while, Yet I must bear it with a smile. Yet I must bear it with a smile.
Our neighbors have a friendly way
Of calling almost every day
To see "dear aunt," and gather flowers,
And pass away the evening's hours,
And bring their children one and all
Who keep up a continual bawl.
Now, something else has happened, dear:
Our Eddie caught the mumps somewhere,
And every time he takes his meals
He utters loud, terrific squeals.
I'm sure the rest will take it, too;
Oh, what on earth am I to do? , what on earth am I to do And now, dear Annie, come Before I too am taken sick. ne home quick,

The Cretan Rover;

ZULEIKAH, THE BEAUTIFUL A Romance of the Crescent and the Cross.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAHAM. AUTHOR OF "WITHOUT A HEART," "THE FLY-ING YANKEE," ETC., ETC.

> CHAPTER XXXVI. A DASTARD CAREER.

A DASTARD CAREER.

AFTER a moment's silence, Paul Malvern continued his story, to which all, not excepting Al Sirat Pasha, had listened with breathless interest, for he spoke in the Greek tongue.

"When last at Constantinople I wrote once more to my sister, begging that I might hear from her, for I knew nothing of what had happened at home—not even of her marriage to Archer Trevillian.

"The last batch of dispatches received

"The last batch of dispatches, received through Greece, brought me a number of letters from friends—who had seen my name mentioned as a Cretan Bey, for you know the English papers and the New York *Herald* have been

most complimentary over any services that I may have rendered poor Crete. "One of those letters I will give you the contents of, for it is nearly similar to the news con

tained in the others.
"It told me that I was no longer considered "It told me that I was no longer considered intentionally guilty of having slain my rival, on that memorable night, for strange disclosures had recently been made, and my lawyer, for the letter was from my father's legal adviser, had endeavored to find my whereabouts, although I was reported dead—a notice to that effect having been copied from an Athens journal—it stating that I was killed by the hand of a robber.

a robber.

"Still I was advertised for, and then discovered through my services in Crete having been mentioned by newspaper correspondents.

"Of the disclosures made to me, I was informed of my sister's marriage to Archer Tre-villian, and I remembered at just that date my remittances from home stopped.

"On their wedding tour the couple had visit-

ed Europe, and my sister had stated on her re-Athens, after traveling for months over East

"The time of their stay in Athens, and the time of my attempted assassination vere iden tical; need I say more on this point? "When my death was believed, my share of the fortune left by my parents, was given over to my sister, and Archer Trevillian then be-

"So great was his influence over his wife, that she made her will, giving her husband all her property, in case of her death, for she was child-less.

At length my sister died suddenly-in fact, under such suspicious circumstances, that it turned attention upon Archer Trevillian as her

murderer.

"Finding he was suspected he fled from the country, carrying with him a large sum of money he had in his keeping.

"A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that my sister had died from poison, and a druggist stated he had sold such poison to Archer Trevillian—nay, a vial, half-filled with the deadly liquid was found in his private desk.

"His motive for this deed was found to be twofold—to get all the property by her death, for he was heir, and to marry a woman to whom he had been engaged for years—for that woman fled from the country with him, though, at the time, she did not know the enormity of his

time, she did not know the enormity of his Among his private effects were also found different copies of the last will, purporting to be that of my father, and also scribbling in imitation of my handwriting, my father's, and

"And, more important still, a will, an exact copy of the one I had found, only it was not signed, and having been blurred and blotted was not used; to this copy was a codicil, which instructed me to invest certain cash left me, in my sister's name, that she might have a regular and large income, and in case of her marrying, her wedding present was to be fifty thousand dollars in eash

"This explained my father's seeming neglect of my sister, and a close search among the pa-pers of my deceased parent found the codicil signed, of which the other was a copy, like the blotted will

Also, in a vest pocket, a garment that had been worn the night of the fatal theatricals, by Archer Trevillian, were found several bullets— the exact size and kind as the one taken from the man whom I had shot down.

"Thus did circumstantial and real evidence serve to criminate Archer Trevillian, and clear my name of dishonor.

"And, once on his track, my lawyer trailed him to Europe, where he found he had lived in luxury as long as his money lasted, and then cruelly deserted the woman who had, loving him as she did, followed his evil fortunes.

"Deserted by the scoundrel she was thrown."

"Descrited by the scoundrel, she was thrown upon the town in a European city, and became a degraded being, who ended her own life shortly after she had made known to the detective the story of her wrenger.

the story of her wrongs.
"There all pursuit of Archer Trevillian ended.
No clue could be found to his whereabouts, and it was at last believed he was dead; but he lives

for me to see him die.
"Thank God that fate led him into the Turkish service, for by that means I at length stand face to face with the man who caused my hand face to face with the man who caused my hand to take life, and very nearly my death upon the gallows—the man who murdered my poor sister, whose only wrong was in loving him, who

There was a cry from every lip—seamen and

And even Al Sirat shrunk from him, The asha was a cruel soldier, heartless as regarded yomen, but his heart was not as black, Turk that he was, as that of the renegade Ameri-

He deserves death, and he shall die. Signor Taros, prepare for the execution of these two men," and Julian Delos led Kaloolah and Zulei-kah into the cabin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SECRET OF THE SIGNET RING.

SLOWLY the moon, on its wane, arose above the sea, and its light fell full upon the face of those who stood upon the yacht's deck.

Calm, emotionless was the face of Al Sirat Pasha. He was to die, and his faith would not let him bemoan his fate.

He had shrugged his shoulders—muttered Inshallah! and with the calmness of a fatalist, resigned himself to indifference.

"What is to be, will be—so be it," he murmured, complacently, and then turied to an apparent enjoyment of the moonlit sea, the silver-gilded waters that danced by the yacht.

Archer Trevillian was different. He had cast aside his creed for that of the Mahomedan, but it did not give him that calm indifference to aside his creed for that of the Manomedan, but it did not give him that calm indifference to death felt by the Turk, and cowering, trembling, pallid as a corpse, he leant over the bulwarks, his eyes peering down into the dark waters, as though he would see how deep his body would sink when its soul had taken its flight.

"Signor, in the early part of the Cretan struggle, you appeared before me, wearing the secret signet ring of the sultan?" and Al Sirat Pasha turned to Paul, who replied:

"Yes, I wear it yet," and he held forth his finger, and the seal glittered in the moon-light. light.

"When I learned afterward that you and Delos Bey, the Cretan conspirator, had taken sides against his majesty, I believed that you had both deceived his trust in you. Am I

wrong?"
"No, pasha. His majesty never placed a trust in me," replied Paul.
"Can I ask, then, how you obtained that

"I will tell you with pleasure.
"Once, when traveling through the mountains of Servia, near the village of Izverlik, rescued from death a Turkish traveler—as then believed, a merchant.

"He was a very young and handsome man, elegantly attired, and was traveling on horse-back with two followers, when they were at-tacked by a band of Servian bandits, and ere they could offer resistance, the three were

'The two servants, as I supposed them to be, "The two servants, as I supposed them to be, were then cruelly put to death, and the bandits were preparing to rob the Turkish gentleman, and then to take his life, as they had done with his followers, when I rode upon the scene, unperceived by the party.

"I had with me my pet revolvers, and drawing one in each hand, I charged into their midst and rescued the Turk, who, mounting his steed, quickly dashed off by my side, and thus escaped.

caped.
"That night we rested at the village of Izver-

lik, and in the morning the host of the khan where we stopped brought me a package, saying that my friend had departed and left that with "I opened it, and beheld this ring, and a scrap of paper containing these words:

"'You have saved the life of one who will never forget you. Should adversity overtake you, come to Constantinople and present this ring to "'MAHMOUD.

"The ring I never parted with, and though in great distress in Constantinople, it never occurred to me to seek the one who gave it to

"To you kno...
Sirat, quietly.
"I do not. Doubtless some noble, activing of the sultan."
"I hold its mate. See, it is on my finger, and I heg you to let it go down with me to my deep

Yes—or rather no; yet 1 know who he is—And will tell me?" "Yes, he is the son of the sultan. He was raveling incognito, as he has often done through he empire. You did him a great service. Such service to the sultan gained me my ring; an issassin struck at his life—I was unarmed, but hrew myself forward and received the poniard n my breast.

in my breast.

"When I recovered, his majesty gave me the ring. There is a third one like it—the sultan wears that on his own finger. But your story has delayed the execution—see! the moon is far from the horizon," and Al Sirat Pasha pointed to the silvery orb, sailing calmly up into the sky, a crescent barque upon a waveless sea.

> CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE EXECUTION.

PAUL started, as the Turk, with utmost sang roid, reminded him that his prisoner was doomed to death, and the American could not withold his admiration of a man who could so fear

Turning to Julian Delos the two conversed together for a few moments in a low tone, and then the young Cretan said calmly:
"The hour of your execution is at hand, pasha: have you aught to make known ere you

"No: I have always lived prepared for death. Should it ever be asked how died Al Sirat Pasha, say that he died as he lived—fearlessly.
"I am ready," and the Turk calmly folded his chained arms upon his heart, and stood silently

awaiting "And you, sir? have you aught to say?" and Julian turned toward Archer Trevillian. "Mercy! oh, mercy! I am not fit to die! Let me live that I may repent!" groaned the cower-

ing man.
"No mercy need you expect. Signor Taros, No mercy need you expect. Signor Taros, is all in readiness for the execution?"

"Yes, signor: the guard is here."

"It is well. Pasha, you are an intrepid man, and you shall not die in irons. Signor Stellos, remove those manacles from the wrists of his leadely in the state of the state of

The fieutenant quickly obeyed, and then Taros led the two men to the spot where they were to stand—a raised scaffold upon the forecastle of

Al Sirat Pasha mounted the rude platform with calm dignity, and faced his executioners with intrepid mien, his order-bespangled breast sparkling in the rays of the moon.

Archer Trevillian was aided upon the dais, his tottering limbs scarcely able to support him, his quivering, ashen lips muttering prayers to that Savior whom he had renounced for the Allah of the Mahomedan.

As they stood thus, a white-robed form glided from the cabin companionway. It was Alfarida, who, stealing into the shadow of the mainmast, stood silently, almost greedily, watching the tall form of Al Sirat Pasha.

With a wave of his hand Julian Delos mo-

With a wave of his hand Julian Delos motioned to the guard to be in readiness; but, as they shouldered arms, the form of Archer Trevillian sunk heavily upon the platform.

Instantly Taros sprung forward to raise him up—believing he had swooned; but he started back; the renegade American was dead.

Man-like, he accepted the incense so cunning officed. He caught her hand almost fierce to his lips and cried out:

"You know now, my friends, the story of my life and that of Archer Trevillian. Does he merit death?"

Instantly the carbines were leveled—there was a short sight, a stern order, a flash, a combined report, and Al Sirat Pasha was no more.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

Upon the shores of the Atlantic, and in a Southern State, dwell an aristocratic and wealthy community, living in homes their forefathers had built a century before them.

A few months after the scene that closes the last chapter, the neighborhood of which I write was thrown into considerable excitement by the arrival of an agent, who purchased two of the most lordly homesteads in the vicinity, and in fitting them up neither trouble nor expense were spared.

spared.

The grounds of the two mansions adjoined,

The grounds of the two mansions adjoined, and sloped down to the water's edge—a small cove or inlet of the Atlantic.

Who were to live in these elegant homes none knew, and the gossips were on the tiptoe of expectation regarding the new arrivals.

One pleasant afternoon, a year after the end of the Cretan Revolution of 1869, a large, graceful yacht, flying the English colors, stood into the little cove and came to anchor, a short distance from the shore.

A cutter immediately rowed shoreward, and a party of five whites and three blocks saying

a party of five whites and three blacks sprung out on the pier, and proceeded toward the near-est mansion, where a troop of servants greeted The following day rumor had it that an English nobleman and his beautiful bride, her mother,

and a deformed and hideous negro occupied one of the homesteads, and that an American gentleman, his wife, a large African, and an old negress were the occupants of the other homesteads.

Is it necessary to inform the reader that those whose career he has so patiently followed through the deck, ten of them leaning upon carbines, for they had been detailed as executioners.

Presently two forms came on deck—Paul Malvern and Julian Delos.

Their faces were sad, yet stern, and very white—their words low and earnest.

"Signor in the early part of the Cretan"

Is it necessary to inform the reader that those whose career he has so patiently followed through the thrilling and bloody scenes of the Turco-Cretan war are the dwellers in those lordly homes by the Atlantic?

No; for he has already guessed how the Silver Scimitar sailed to England, where Julian Delos and Kaloolah, and Paul Malvern and Zuleikah, were bound in the holy bands of wedlock, and were bound in the holy bands of wedlock, and then, in the free land of America, sought new homes and new associations, far from the war-ravished isle of Crete, in whose mountain ham-lets strange stories are nightly told of Delos Bey, the brave Cretan conspirator, and Malvern Bey, the daring American, who yet wears the sultan's

THE END.

WHAT TO THEE?"

BY S. M. FRAZIER.

Even as gold?
Purest, be not as gold—
hough fresh from the flame it still has its dross,
tvery refinement increasing its loss;
Idol of Crossus, whose worship is sold,
No, purest, be not to me as gold.

Even as a star?
Brightest, be not a star—
Its luster is false though seemingly bright,
It glitters in sheen of borrowed light;
Morn dims its splendor, and it shines afar—
No, brightest, be not to me as a star.

Even as a flower?
Fairest, be not a flower—
The loveliest flowers, with incense rare,
Oft waste their perfume on a desert air;
The sport and the toy of a summer's h
No, fairest, be not to me as a flower. Even as a dove?
Gentlest, be not a dove—
Oft subtle fees break in upon her rest,
Robbing the downy joys of her soft nest,
Congealing the sweet, rich fountain of love:
No, gentlest, be not to me as a dove.

Even as a rock?

Dearest, be not a rock—
A petrified heart so cold and so stern,
Sweet gardens of beauty to deserts turn;
Senseless alike to fortune's smile or shock;

Even as an elf? Even as an elf?
Truest, be not an elf—
Puerile minds may false images view,
But true love will sift the false from the true—
And oft the heart may find both in itself—
No, truest, be not to me as an elf.

No. dearest, be not to me as a rock.

Even as—myself? Loved one, be but thyself— Purer than gold; brighter than star or flower; Gentler than the dove; and, in thy spirit's power, Firmer than the rock; truer than an elf; Be to me always thyself—only thyself!

Sowing the Wind;

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL, AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A MAN'S "GRAND MOVE." GLAD though St. Felix was to see that Jocelyne had revived so entirely, he could not repress a feeling of anxiety as to what she would say or do. Her large, dark eyes seemed cutting to his very soul, as they met his, with eagerness

of gaze mingled with alarm.
"Mr. Saintenon, where is Guardy, or Iva? I want them, or Pauline."
Her tremulous voice quivered with affright and vague distrust.
"Presently, Miss Merle. I have brought you
"Presently, Miss Merle. I have brought you some refreshment I wish you to take. Remember you are very weak and nervous."

He returned the candle to the candelabra, and

proceeded to crumble the bread in the saucer partly filled with brandy. He unscrewed the self-sealed top of the glass jar, and removed a forkful or so of the salmon, while Jocelyne watched him with dilated, piteous eyes.

"I do not wish to eat, sir. Only please take me to Guardy or Iva. Please take me home! I

me to Guardy or Iva. Please take me home! I am so afraid, and I feel so bewildered."
He gently handed her the crumbled bread.
"I would like to talk with you, Miss Merle, but I cannot until you strengthen yourself to discuss a painful subject. Even a mouthful of food will help do that."

"But I cannot—indeed—I—cannot. I know there has something happened, and I cannot understand. I see I have on my wedding-dress, but I do not remember the marriage. I feel faint and weak and frightened, but I could not eat. I only want to be taken home!"

at. I only want to be taken home!"

He saw her gentle determination and forbore to urge her.

"My dear Miss Merle, I will try to make you understand everything if I can. Sit down on the couch nearer the fire; you have been chilled thoroughly, and need all the warmth you can

Al Sirat Pasha mounted the rude platform moved the thick, white, down-lined coverlet from the bed and wrapped it around her slight,

"I have been very anxious about you, Miss Merle. You have escaped a horrible fate, and your experience has been enough to shake even my nerves. You remember seeing me in the vault in the cemetery? You remember me telling you I had saved you from being buried alive?"

Her dark eyes dilated in horror.
"Oh, I remember! But I thought it was a horrible dream only!"

Her voice was almost shrill with terror "It was not a dream. It was a fearful reality. If I had not passed by, accidentally, just at the very moment when you were returning to partial consciousness, it would have been your hope-

A little gasp of agony was on her trembling lips; but there were no tears in her supernatu-

rally bright eyes—eyes that St. Felix knew meant fever and delirium at no far distant day.

"But, I don't understand. Was I ill? I don't remember if I was! How can people not be dead, and yet buried? Guardy should have

People are known to have been buried in state of trance, where animation was known to have been suspended for days—much longer than the time that intervened between your supposed death and burial. Have you no recollection of faintness, a pain at your heart, or difficulty of breathing?"

ficulty of breathing?"

She shook her head pitifully.

"I remember everything was so beautiful, and happy, and I went to my room—it seems

only a moment ago."
"It has been several days, Miss Merle. me assist your memory by the details as I read them in the *Herald*. You retired to your room, not feeling altogether well, and the maid brightened the fire and darkened the windows. The ened the fire and darkened the windows. The couch was drawn before the fire, and you laid down upon it to gain the rest and repose you needed. You went to sleep, probably—do you remember? Do you recollect of any one—your maid, or the housekeeper, or your friend Miss Ithamar, bringing you a cup of tea, or a glass of claret, or a quieting draught of any sort?"

If only she remembered Rose bringing her anything! How easily the mystery would be solved! The vague bewilderment in her eyes deepened.

o, I do not think I can recall anything be yond the appearance of the room, as you describe it, and the fact that I tried to get asleep."

A look of baffled disappointment crossed his

You remember nothing unusual—nothing painful or uncomfortable, or Her face suddenly lighted.

"Yes, I do—or else it was a dreadful dream. I remember being unable to get my breath; I remember it seemed as though the walls of the room had suddenly closed over me. I remember fighting to escape,"
He looked puzzled. There was nothing he

could conceive that answered to Jocelyne's

could conceive that answered to Jocelyne's description of her sensations.

"I presume it was what every one supposed was death. You were buried, Miss Merle, amid anguish of lamentation and hopelessness of grief. Your lover is almost distracted, your friends inconsolable on account of your supposed death."

death."

"And you saved me, Mr. Saintenon, you saved me! I have only just realized it, I think. On my knees I thank you, and I will never cease to ask God to bless and reward you!"

She slid from the couch to her knees on the floor, her face full of solemn thankfulness as she goived his hand, and bised it.

floor, her face full of solemn thankfulness as she seized his hand, and kissed it.

He gently returned her, weak, trembling as she was, to the lounge.

"I know how you feel, Miss Merle; I know you will always hold me in extremest gratitude. Now, in regard to your return home. But first, do you know where you are?"

She looked inquiringly around.

"I don't know."

She looked inquiringly around.
"I don't know."
"It is Sunset Hill, where you were to come as a bride, not so very long ago. I brought you here, knowing of the privacy necessary under the circumstances, and not daring to suddenly take you into Mr. Ithamar's presence. I believe the shock would have killed him."

A pitiful little cry from her years soul inton. A pitiful little cry from her very soul inter-

rupted him.

"Guardy, my darling! I must be taken to him. I must be taken home!"

"You shall be—but listen a moment. In your present state, the exposure of walking over might kill you, and you would be lost really to your lover. If I were to bring him over here, the suddenness of the shock would be more than his overstrained nerves could endure. I think he would go mad, or die. Therefore, Miss Merle, I think you will approve of my plan of remaining quietly and patiently my plan of remaining quietly and patiently where you are until to-morrow, when I will undertake to see Mr. Ithamar, and gradually prepare him for the news. It may take more than one visit, but you see it will be best—for his

Her sweet mouth was quivering with disappointment, but her physical weakness was too great to admit of her attempting to refute his argument. Beside, she had an involuntary feeling of trust in the judgment and kindness of the friend who had saved her life.

"It may be best, but I am afraid I cannot be patient. I do so want to see him, my poor darling! and assure him his terrible grief has been useless."

St. Felix listened courteously and respectfully

"I shall have to ask courage and braveness on your part, Miss Merle, as well as patience and hope—to be exercised while I leave you alone to-morrow for a portion of the day, while I have the interview with Ithamar. Will you be afraid to remain alone in this house to-

"Afraid? While you are gone to tell Guardy I am alive and well? Oh, no, no! I will be too impatiently happy to think of fear."

Her gentle spiritedness delighted him, for it smoothed the first possible awkwardness in his way. He converged an hour leave it is the converged and hour leave it.

way. He conversed an hour longer with her, and then, leaving with her the potted salmon and the bread, and a portion of the liquor, left her for the night, to her own vague, wondering, weary thoughts

Several times she fell into an uneasy doze, to Several times she fell into an uneasy doze, to be wakened either by some terrible dream of being buried alive, or by a distressing sense of faintness and weakness. Several times she walked to the windows, in the hope of being able to see a gleam of light from her dear old home, but St. Felix's precaution baffled her, and she was unable to accomplish her desire.

Toward morning she fell into a sound, deep sleep; and when St. Felix, after a preliminary rap on the door, entered, he found her lying on

rap on the door, entered, he found her lying e lounge, in a sweet, peaceful slumber, that d ensued from natural causes.

had ensued from natural causes.

He made no attempt to waken her, and after depositing on the table a plate of tempting, thin-sliced ham, went quickly out, locking the door after him, and finding his way, through the early morning's loneliness and dark, to the depot, where he signaled the passing train, and arrived in the city in good time to satisfactorily attend to his many arrands.

attend to his many errands.

His first errand was to his hotel, where he settled his bill, and removed his trunks; his next to an obscure barber's, where he convinced the workman he desired to have his hair and beard dyed black: his next to a druggist's, where he procured the material to make a wash to darken his complexion, which he mixed and applied in a room in an obscure hotel.

Then he indented himself into a pair of blue

eye-glasses, and, thus equipped, was a hundred times more deceivingly disguised than his wife

He had no trouble in securing a lease of Sun set Hill for three months, and as "Wallace Ixion" signed the document that gave him posaxion "signed the document that gave him possession at once. Then he went to an intelligence office, and from a dozen applicants secured a servant woman whom his shrewd perception told him would be useful to him as both housekeeper and jailer, a man for outdoor work, and a girl to assist the woman. Then he bought a quantity of toilet articles for Jocelyne, relying upon the discretion of the saleslady to select several complete outfits to be sent to the depot immediately, to accom-

CHAPTER XXIX. IXION'S GUEST.

St. Felix's first business, upon his return to Sunset Hill, was to see to the proper bestowal of

Sunser Fift, was to see to the proper cests and his large purchases.

Then he gave the necessary instructions to Mrs. Raum, the woman he had hired as house-keeper, companion to, and jailer of Jocelyne; to I rench, the servant who was to serve as a cardener, or sort of general utility man—as gardener, or valet, or in any capacity in which his services

valet, or in any capacity in which his services were required.

He saw that the rooms were aired, dusted, and thoroughly warmed; that a hot dinner was well under way, and that Mrs. Raum was conversant with her business.

Then, after he had freshened himself with a partial bath, and made his dinner toilette, he went up to Jocelyne's room, where, before he rapped, he heard her rapid, light footsteps, as though she were pacing the floor in an agony of impatience and unrest.

Her quick, nervous response to his rap indi-

impatience and unrest.

Her quick, nervous response to his rap indicated still more plainly her mental tension.

"Come in—come in! Have you brought Guardy with you?"

As he entered, with a bow and a grave smile on his face, she looked past him, at the door he had just closed after him, and a sudden flush that had come to her face died away. lush that had come to her face died away, eaving her deathly white, and trembling per

ceptibly.

"Where is he? Why didn't he come for me?
Where is Guardy?"
Then, for the first time, she looked at him, so strangely altered, so vastly different in his dark hair and beard, and clear, olive com-

He saw the look of fear and bewilderment

He saw the look of fear and bewilderment that crossed her face.

"Do not be afraid, Miss Merle. It is I. You can recognize me by my voice, can you not?"

"By your voice, yes. But why have you dyed your hair and face? Everything seems so strange to me, everything terrifies me so! If I only had Guardy here. What did he say?"

She was trembling with excitement, and in her long white dress, with her dusky hair flowing over her shoulders, and her wild, dilated eyes, he could plainly see how her terrible though brief experience was telling upon her.

An expression of pity crossed his face as he walked forward to a chair near the register, and motioned her to be seated also.

walked forward to a chair near the register, and motioned her to be seated also.

"I have come back no nearer the accomplishment of your wishes than when I went away this morning. Mr. Ithamar positively refused to see me, and Miss Iva alone succeeded in extorting from him a promise that in a fortnight from to-day, and no sooner, would he see me."

A gasp of almost dying woe was on her lips.
"A fortnight! I cannot endure two weeks of this! Why didn't you tell him, why didn't you? Oh, Mr. Saintonon, you are cruel, cruel!"

"Cruel, Miss Merle? I think when you remember what I have done, when you know all I have done to-day in view of the fact that you must remain here two weeks longer; when you take into consideration the fact that the sudden news of your life would in all probability have news of your life would in all probability have terrible effect upon your lover's mind, I think you will, despite your natural anguish and im-matience, admit that I have acted with a pru-lent regard for both your and Mr. Ithamar's

dent regard for both your and Mr. Ithamar's welfare."

His calm, dispassionate tones were very plausible, but while they appealed to Jocelyne's reason and judgment, they failed to touch her heart, or assuage her harassing misery.

"But you might have told Iva—you must go back and run the risk, Mr. Saintenon! Joy seldom kills, but trouble does. I shall die if you keep me here. I will go myself—I will go now—I cannot endure this any longer! You should have told Iva—she could have come to me—II should not have been alone in my weakness and hould not have been alone in my weak Her sweet voice rose to a perfect wail of woe

ad she clasped and unclasped her thin, white St. Felix drew his chair nearer her, his face

deepening its expression of gravity.

"Miss Merle, I will tell you why I did not tell
Miss Iva Ithamar of your safety. Are you prepared for a terrible announcement on my part?"
Her lips compressed themselves as if to meet shock he suggested. Tell me, Mr. Saintenon!"

He saw her pallid face, her sunken, haunting yes, and wondered if he dare tell his suspicions. but, beyond the physical weakness was a high burage he thought could be depended upon.
"Miss Merle, your lover's cousin, Miss Iva, ould not wish to know you were alive—for, I every reason to believe_I kno our supposed death, which she intended, and hought, and others thought, was real, was the ork of her hands!

Her voice rung sharply, shrilly through the "Therefore you will understand why I pre-

ferred not to inform her of your presence here, and why, in my judgment, I thought best to wait upon Mr. Ithamar's own time." Jocelyne looked wildly at him, her words oming almost in gasps. "You must be mistaken—you are awfully

mistaken! Iva loved me—she was my dearest woman friend—oh! it is awful, awful to listen o such things of her!" As you will," he returned, quickly. "I am

only surprised you never suspected her jealous of you, her perfectly natural desire to marry her handsome, wealthy cousin."

"Jealous—of me! Iva—love Guardy!"

The passionate surprise in her tones showed

ow utterly unconscious she had been in those few happy days.
"I fully believe what I have told you to be the truth. Now, Miss Merle, you will appreciate that it is for your own interest as well as the safety of Mr. Ithamar's reason—perhaps his life—that you quietly bide the time of waiting. In view of which, I telegraphed to-day for servants and provisions to be sent here, and they have arrived. You shall be comfortable as it You shall be comfortable as ave arrived. possible to make you; the house is pleasant rs. Raum—the housekeeper I have engagedwill be your attendant; I have had suitable clothing sent for you, and books, and sewing, and writing materials. I have done everything in my power to make the time pass as pleasantly

She raised her drooping face, so full of dumb despair, toward him.

You are kind—oh, I never can thank you for having saved me! I do not mean to be ungrateful—but it is so hard, so hard to have to

wait, so near my darling, my dear old home, and yet so far from them all!" St. Felix's face was eloquent with deep cor-

Miss Jocelyne, it is hard—it is a bitter ex "Miss Jocelyne, it is hard—it is a bitter experience for you to undergo. But I believe your high courage, that has been only shattered, not broken, by your recent trial, will bear you triumphantly through. Try to be brave, try even to be cheerful, remembering that the blessedness of the meeting will repay you, a thousand times, for all you have undergone." She sighed wearily.
"I will try, Mr. Saintenon, if only to prove to you. I am not unappreciative of all your great.

to you I am not unappreciative of all your great kindness to me. But I shall count the hours."

kindness to me. But I shall count the nours.

He smiled encouragingly.

"Of course you will, and remembering that each one brings you nearer the blessed end. And now, Miss Merle, I will have Mrs. Raum, or the younger girl she requested to accompany her to assist her, come to you at once, with a hot dinner, and suitable clothing. To-morrow, I will be a suitable clothing the suitable clothing

to be sent to the depot immediately, to accompany him to Sunset Hill.

Then he gave his extensive orders to a groceryman on Washington street; then he went back to Sunset Hill, accompanied by the stolid-faced woman, to whom he told only sufficient to prepare her for what awaited her—giving her to understand his sister was a hopeless harmless lunatic, whose mania consisted in imagining herself different people in turn.

It was just dusk of a cloudy December day when he and the woman and the parcels arrived; while Jocelyne, in an agony of impatience, was waiting to hear his success at Westwood; and while Florian Ithamar, not a mile away, paced his floor, almost distracted with a color of the women and despair.

And now, Miss meric, or the younger girl she requested to accompany on the younger girl she requested to accompany or the younger girl she requested to accompany the possible propare he yould not or the younger girl she requested to accompany or the younger girl she requested to accompany the possible propare he younged her by any poor or any time when you wish to see me, I will be glad to help you poss the time.

He bowed good-ni

tleman, and who would insist she had been late-

ly rescued from her coffin.

So, fully fortified, Mrs. Raum had rapped on Jocelyne's door, with a complete change of warm clothing hanging over her arm; and was bidden by Jocelyne, in her sweet, gracious courtesy that not even her trouble made her reschet to enter. eglect, to enter. Prepared as she had been, Mrs. Raum was not t all surprised at the high-bred, patrician

at all surprised at the high-bred, patrician beauty of the girl, or the magnificence of her dress, or the refined reticence of her manner.

Jocelyne submitted to the change in her clothing, not noticing how dainty and elegant they were, or knowing how lovely she looked in the plain high black silk, with its frill of lace at threat and wrists. roat and wrists.

But Mrs. Raum noticed it, admiringly.

"You look much better, miss. That white ress, for all it is very handsome and costly, poks shivery in this sort of weather. Shall I ust hang it up here, Miss——?"

Jocelyne answered her, gravely:
"My name is Miss Merle. Please hang it "My name is Miss Merle. Please hang it here, carefully."
Mrs. Raum bustled about, rearranging the hairs, and lighting a fresh candle, while Joceyne lay wearily ou the lounge, watching her.
"Would you please open the windows, Mrs. Raum? I am pining for a glimpse of daylight. I haven't seen the sunshine—oh—for so long!"
Mrs. Raum eyed her curiously, deciding that "Miss Merle" certainly was a little daft.
"I'll ask Mr.—Mr. Ixion, miss, first. I'm to go to him for orders."

Jocelyne looked at her, a little startled.
"Mr.—who, Mrs. Raum? The gentleman's
me is Saintenon."

Raum smiled indulgently

Mrs. Raum smiled indulgently.

"So it is, so it is. I'm a poor hand at names. I'll go down and send Raitch up with a nice bite of something, now. Raitch—she's the girl that helps around, you know."

Jocelyne was not hungry, but there was a deathly faintness in her stomach that she knew could only be allayed by food; so, when there came up a dainty little repast of rare-broiled porter-house steak, and a roasted potato, with a taste of currant jelly, and a slice of deliciously-browned toast, with a cup of rich yellow creamed coffee, and a tiny custard for dessert, she found it not so difficult as she had expected

perfound it not so difficult as she had expected partake of a portion of the exquisitely-cooked Afterward, she laid on the couch all the

Atterward, she laid on the couch all the svening, in a dreamy, physically-restful state; and at ten o'clock Mrs. Raum came to disrobe her and ensconce her in the bed she had well-uired, with its dainty linen and downy blancets, that had been among the purchases from

And Jocelyne slept well, exhausted by physical prostration, and the reaction from mental excitement; while Mrs. Raum unpacked the trunks that contained more apparel and articles of toilet than any woman ever required for two weeks' most extravagant use—proof sufficient that Ernest St. Felix intended that Jocelyne's stay at Sunset Hill should not be short.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN AND OUT OF THE SHADOW. The days wore away at Sunset Hill much as they do elsewhere. People in the neighborhood knew that a gentleman had leased the property for an indefinite time; that he had an invalid sister, whose mind was more affected than her body. They discovered he was eccentric to the verge of social rudeness, receiving and giving no attention to his neighbors; they ascertained he was not rich, and therefore gave no further heed to him, and St. Felix was permitted just what he wanted—to go his own way alone, unheeded, and unsuspected.

what he wanted—to go his own way alone, unheeded, and unsuspected.

He had become fully aware of the importance
of keeping his servants aloof from the lower
class of people in the village, and had plainly
told Mrs. Raum, and Raitch and the man
French, that if they desired to remain in his
employ, at the femunerative wages he gave in
return for light services, they must agree not
to leave the premises, while he took ample
means to secure the absence of the village
trades-people from his house, by giving his orders all in the city.

To Jocelyne, the hours were indeed counted,
with an apathy, at first, that was pitiful to

with an apathy, at first, that was pitiful to see. Then, after the first week had passed, her dull endurance changed to one of mere restlessness; later still, when there remained but a few hours between her and hope and home, she grew excited, almost hysterical at the slightest sound—the fall of a footstep closing of a door, the blowing of a breeze.

During these days, St. Felix had several time

een with her, always respectful, always coureous, and invariably encouraging and cheering the had tried to be kindly to him, but he saw he utter impossibility of anything beyond the actual sweet courtesy of her nature; he saw now entirely her heart and mind and soul was set upon the day on which he agreed to go to Mr. Ithamar, and tell him the glad news at all

The morning broke radiantly beautiful; a sky The morning broke radiantly beautiful; a sky as sparkling as only a frosty December sky can be, and as perfect in its blue, dome-like expanse as a flawless sapphire; a bright frost made the stubble of the fields and the leafless branches of the trees glitter like strands of silver hung with diamonds, and Jocelyne, early arisen and dressed, with flushes on her cheeks, and almost a wild gleam in her eyes, was waiting feverishly for St. Felix to come to her before he started.

It was just nine o'clock when he rapped, overated, gloved, and hat in hand.
"I will not come in, Miss Jocelyne. I have

come for a God-speed, and to assure you you will see your lover within a very short time. I would advise you to be ready dressed to be driven back to Westwood; and remember this, Miss Jocelyna, that offer the state of the stat Miss Jocelyne, that after you return you are to be on guard against Miss Iva Ithamar—eternal ly on guard. And when the right time comes I will explain everything to you and your—husband, it will be then."

Dand, it will be then."

A little flash of ecstatic joy was in her eyes as she listened to his plausible words. Why should she have dreamed of distrusting them, when he had done so much for her?

So he went away, and Jocelyne dressed herelf in a suit of silk and velvet, that became her vonderfully. She put little frills of crepe lisse at throat and wrists, and tied a cardinal ril in her rippling hair; she laid out a warm shawl and a thick, soft cloud for her head; her vail, her gloves—everything, that when her lover came, there should be no delay. She was too excited to eat; but Mrs. Raur,

umoring all her fancies, as St. Felix h persuaded her to drink a cup of coffee, and it a thimbleful of wine. Then she began a restless promenade of the om; then she went down into the drawing onn, into the library, then back again, urged

But at last, when she heard footsteps in the hall, she sunk down in a large cushioned chair, panting, faint at the near prospect of the coming Then, as the door opened, she sprung suddenly forward, her arms outstretched, her eyes shining like suns, her lips parted, her face flushed—waiting, with a little cry of ecstasy on her lips, for her lover.

v a spirit of unrest she could not conqu

"Gone! Gone away, because he thinks I am dead! And I was so near him—I was waiting for him to come to me! Gone away, and I do not know where! Oh, my God! I cannot, cannot endure this!"

And then the deathly faintness seized her. Her head drooped on her breast, and the keen suffering of the moment was respited for the

stime.

St. Felix laid her carefully on the sofa, and rung for Mrs. Raum, who applied the ordinary restoratives while he looked on, noting how deathly white, how deathly still she was. He noted the perfect curves of her lovely figure, lovely even in its rigidity; he saw the exquisite cut of her features, the sweeping lashes of her white lids, the luxuriant beauty of her straight dark brows, and, for the first time, there occurred to him the fact that it would not be a difficult task to love this fair young girl, as different from Rose as a tiger lily is different from a white violet.

rom a white violet.

Mrs. Raum dissipated his reflections by an enxious appeal to him.

"She ought not to lay like this, sir. It must be something more than a faint, or this ammonia,' and the chafing, and unloosening her clothes would have brought her around."

A sudden fear, born of the equally sudden eassion in his heart, made his voice husky as he spoke.

"'You don't mean—good God, she's not dead?"
In a panic of alarm he seized his brandy flask,
nd forced the red liquid down her throat.
"Chafe her hands vigorously; wheel the sofa

As he spoke he jerked the bell-rope, bringing

As he spoke he jerked the bell-rope, bringing taitch instantly.

"Bring blankets and hot water at once—at mee! My God! if she should be dead!"

Mrs. Raum vigorously rubbed the dainty bared eet, while St. Felix chafed her hands. Raitch ew for the blankets and hot water, and between hem all Jocelyne was imbedded in warmth, where she lay like a blighted flower, so still, so white, that even Mrs. Raum's nerves forsook er.

er.

"You'd better send for a doctor, sir—French is in the carriage-house—Miss Ixion oughtn't to ay like this any longer—"

And just then Jocelyne drew a quick, quivering breath, that sounded like a sob of fear and pain, and suddenly opened her eyes wide, and looked around the room, and upon the three so eagerly watching her.

St. Felix stepped nearer her.

"Thank God you have recovered! You know me, do you not?"

A look of horror modified the stony stare.

"Of course I know you, Mr. Richmond! Why

A look of horror modified the stony stare, "Of course I know you, Mr. Richmond! Why lo you come here, in my room? Pauline? come here, please, and tell Mr. Richmond I am sick!" A cold perspiration stood on St. Felix's forehead. Was she mad? Had her reason fled before the heart-breaking disappointment she had undergone? If sane, why her random talk, why her addressing him as Mr. Richmond? Horrified, alarmed, he looked at Mrs. Raum. "What is the matter with her? I never saw her like this before. Speak to her see if she re-

er like this before. Speak to her, see if she re ognizes you."
Mrs. Raum went nearer her, where the lus rous dark eyes that were roaming from object o object could see her. "Miss Merle—you called your maid; I am

here."

Jocelyne laughed—a harsh, grating mirth.
"Why, Pauline, how funny you look! Do
take that forlorn cap off your head! And hurry,
Pauline, for the ceremony takes place at seven,
you know, and I'm not at all ready yet."

Mrs. Raum's stolid face wore an expression of
genuine sympathy as she exchanged glances
with St. Felix.

"Poor soul, she is worse than usual, then?
She's got a fever, too, Mr. Ixion, and it's flown
to her poor head. Just feel how hot it is, and
see her eyes!"

ee her eyes!"

He touched his hand to her forehead; Joce ne sprung to her feet.
"Mr. Richmond! How dare you? Leave his room, sir, at once, at once! Pauline, my ead aches dreadfully—won't you bathe it for

st. Felix was thoroughly alarmed. He dared oot shut his eyes to the fact that Jocelyne was larmingly ill, nor did he dare to send for a ysician from the village. He would have t elegraph to New York for a stranger who would suspect nothing, and himself keep out of eer sight, as he evidently had a bad effect upon

"I will send for a physician at once," he said 'Meanwhile, Mrs. Raum, do you administer a temedy I will prepare, and keep her head cooled with ice, and her limbs and feet as warm as possible. It may be a case of simple fever which will wind in advance of simple fever which will wind the said which was the said which will wind the said which was the said which was the said which will wind the said which was the said which will wind the said which was the said which will be said with the said which will be said which will be said which will be said which will be said with the said will be said with the said which will be said with the said which will be said with the said which will be said with the said will be said witht with the said will be said with the said will be said with the vill yield in a day or so, or it may be brain

It was no case of simple fever. The experienced physician whom St. Felix met at the tation saw at a glance the trouble was alar

ngly serious.
"She has had some severe strain on her ner rous system, which appears to have weakened er greatly. She has one chance in ten in favor if recovery; and were it not for her splendid ritality I would not say even that."

Days and nights of raving and delirium fol-wed, when Jocelyne lived over again all the days of her young life; when she laughed in her senseless mirth, and talked of "Guardy," and "Mr. Richmond," and "Iva,"—days and nights when the combined strength of the two stout

women was an unequal match for her slight, fragile, fever-strengthened frame.

Then came the stup r, the hours and days when only the mist of her breath on a glass betokened her life; when she lay like a bruised flower, wilted and scorched by a tropical sun.

Then the crisis was over and Localyne was Then the crisis was over, and Jocelyne wa left in the land of the living, to take up the bur den of life again when memory should resum its sway. It was weeks and weeks before she left he

room; and the summer flowers were in bloom before she was able to go down-stairs; and autumn again before St. Felix dared discourse with her upon the subject that had caused her dreadful illness, and reason with her on the ne essary importance of remaining just where sh "You can endure the remaining time of

eparation, I am quite sure, Miss Jocelyne Surely, after all you have so nobly borne, you will not pine for the remainder of the time. There remains the unalterable fact of his return representation of later, and your happy meeting. The

Inere remains the unaiterable fact of his return, sconer or later, and your happy meeting. The only question is, Miss Jocelyne, where and how will it best please you to spend it?"

He was full of brave, cheering kindness and deep interest, apparently; his own intention just as strong as though he had not seemingly offered Jocelyne her choice. And she fall his bind. ed Jocelyne her choice. And she felt his kind ness, his great friendliness. "I do not know where to go, Mr. Saintenon

"No, you cannot. For obvious reasons it would be infeasible for you to discover your identity to any one until your guardian and be-trothed husband returns to pretect you. Be-sides, it would be maddest folly to place yoursides, in Wood de mandest only to prace your self in Miss Ithamar's power again. Take my advice, Miss Jocelyne—I, who have served you faithfully—and remain here at Sunset Hill, just as you are. No one suspects your identity; you are saved from the vulgar annoyance and the superstitious gossip of people who, if they go the better of their superstition, and really knew you were saved from the grave, would regard you with a horror impossible to separate from one who has been buried alive as you were. one who has been oursed arive as you were. You know yourself how you would be whispered about, stared at, made the sensation of all the papers, interviewed by all sorts of morbidly-curious creatures. You know such vulgar publicity would displease Mr. Ithamar; you know it would be distasteful to yourself. So, is it not

cannot return to Westwood

Miss Ithamar gave me the particulars—that his grief has driven him almost to insanity, and that he went abroad several days ago, to return when he sees fit."

All of which St. Felix had gathered from village gossip.

Jocelyne listened, dazed.

"Gone! Gone away, because he thinks I am dead! And I was so near him—I was waiting dead! And I was so near him—I was waiting on the look-out.

on the look-out."
So it was settled that the intervening time until Mr. Ithamar's return should be passed in retirement at Sunset Hill.
And Jocelyne waited, and watched, and hoped, and prayed, and wept out the days, and the weeks, and the months, until the sunny summer day that brought her lover back to Westwood and Rose St. Felix.
But she did not know it, although her jailer did.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 372.)

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A MAY MORNING.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

I ope my eyes; far in the east
The streaks of light grow taller,
The silver moon would bardly rate
At ten cents on the dollar.
The smoke from chimneys round about
Arises white and curly,
And I am vexed to death because
The morn arose so early.

The roosters which my neighbor keeps

For my accommodation
Began to crow an hour ago
And startled all creation;
The cook below she slammed the stove
And banged the pans and dishes;
To see her far in China is
One of my fondest wishes.

The tinsmith just across the way
Long since began his pounding,
The blacksmith also went to work The blacksmith also went to wor In manner most astounding. The cooper long before daylight Began to pound his barrels, And if I had him now there'd be One of the worst of quarrels.

My tailor called at six o'clock And rapped my door intensely,
But I was very sound asleep,
(Inside a horn, immensely!)

Y neighbor's dogs at five o'clock
Began to 'ark terrific,
Ind all the sleep I had on hand
Lit out for the Pacific.

The boiler-makers set to work An hour makers set to work
An hour ago like thunder;
How twenty men could make such faze
Is something of a wonder.
The trombone in the room below
Stopped short at twelve, precisely,
And then I went to sleep at one,
I did it very nicely.

The sun peeps from behind the roofs;
This morn it gets up sooner;
Of all the lights in this wide world
I much prefer the lunar.
What do I care for early worms,
No matter what their number!
Or for the bracing morning air?
I only care for slumber!

Alas, alas, my gentle sleep Is broken all to pieces

Is broken all to pieces,
Which can't be glued together now,
And this my rage increases.
What cares one for the birds' first songs
And early roosters carols?
When by an early wakening
He's lost of sleep some barrels.

This getting up, it gets me down,
I want new legislation,
I want more nights and fewer days
And little molestation.
And there, to crown the whele affair,
Which is so aggravating,
The daylary home as at my door.

The darkey hammers at my door,
And says that breakfast's waiting!

Schamyl,

THE CAPTIVE PRINCE

The Cossack Envoy.

A Story of Russian Life and Adventure.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ, AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE SWORD-HUNTERS," "CAVALRY CUSTER," ETC.

As the form of the Cossack orderly disappeared in the crowd, Ziska Hoffman glanced at the note in his hand. It bore no superscription whatever. There were only two folds to the paper and it contained but a few words; but these were startling, although written in French. "Ne me saluez plus. Trop des espions. Gardez vons."

French is the court language of Russia, and Ziska knew that the billet meant in English: "Salute me no more. Too many spies. Take

As there was no address, so there was no signature to this singular missive, which Ziska crushed in his hand as soon as he had read it.

He had not the slightest doubt as to whence it came, for the presence of the Cossack and the mention of the salute sufficiently proclaimed young Schamyl, but the brief warning set him to thinking. If there were "too many spies," who knew but Ivanoff might be one? As the thought crossed him, Ivanoff spoke:

"Czar Peter was a grand man, Batushka. He found Russia a tribe and left it a nation. Who would think that this great city was a

Who would think that this great city was a swamp two hundred years ago when he looks a

grand buildings all round us?"
Jes," said the American, drylly, "Czar
r was a great man. He gave you statues,
Ization and secret police, Ivanoff. You Peter was a great man. ought be specially grateful for the last."

The merchant started and looked round appre

hensively. "Hush, Batushka," he said, in a low tone "we dare not joke about that. They may be rounders here. The very ishvoshtchik might be one, for all I know."

be one, for all I know."

"Or yourself," said Ziska, sharply.

Ivan Ivanoff in an instant changed his whole
tone and manner as if he were greatly stung.

"Well, American gentleman, if you think
that, I am sorry I ever spoke to you. You have
not been in Russia very long yet, and I thought
that a friend who spoke your language might
help you as a stranger. When you have been
here a little while you will find out that Russia
and the Thingoil's (officials) are two—not one. ne Tchinovik (officials) are two-not one. No Russian loves a spy or likes to be called one.

Then, before Ziska could say a word, the big man jumped over the side of the sledge, and in another moment was lost in the crowd on the idewalk, leaving the journalist alone in the

The driver looked round for orders. Ziska was thrown on his own resources, but a newspaper correspondent is used to that. He made shift with signs and English in a way that must have amused the Russian, but

the driver turned out to be very quick of comprehension. "Poshol, ishvoshtchik, hotel de Russie—you

understand—stoi—stop there. Eh?"
The ishvoshtchik nodded and grinned and answered in a polyglot of English, French and Russian, under the impression apparently that he would make things clear. Oui, Batushka, oui-all right-poshol stoi-

Then he whipped up his horses and away went the grand Orloff trotter at full stride, with his little Cossack brethren at a sharp gallop on each side, till they drew up at the door of the hotel, when Ziska got out and was about to en-ter. Then the ishvoshtchik began to talk and hold out his hand, and Ziska understood that he wanted his pay. But how much was the pay, and how was he to ask the driver? His Russian was exhausted, and the driver was pouring out a flood of soft Russian words to gold out his hand, and Ziska understood that tell, unintelligible but probably to impress upon the American nobleman the propriety of pay-

ing a handsome fee.

Ziska reflected a moment and pulled out a

silver ruble.
"Is that enough?" he asked. "Is that enough!" he asked.

The driver looked at it scornfully and began to talk faster than ever. It was really more than his fare. Ziska pulled out another ruble. The driver talked harder than ever and began to gesticulate as if he were calling all men to vitness the meanness of the American gentle

In desperation Ziska pulled out a third ruble. He knew it was more than he ought to give, but was not quite certain how much more. "Now, old fellow," he said, "you can take

that or go without."
And he held out the money. The driver changed his tone in an instant to one of cringthat or

ing humility, and poured out a flood of un-known words, probably blessings. He was just about to take the money when a stern voice close by said something in Russian. Ziska looked round and there stood a fierce-

looking officer with a huge red mustache. He was muffled in furs to his chin, but the gold lace on his cap showed him to be a person of ome military rank.

He addressed Ziska with great politeness in

He addressed Ziska with great politeness in fair English.

"The driver cheat you, sir. One ruble enough. Give him no more."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Ziska, and he thought his trouble was over, as the ishvoshtchik slunk away without a word, evidently cowed by the presence of the officer. The American was going into the house when, to his surprise, the tall officer stepped forward and linked his arm in his with a strange sort of familiarity.

familiarity.

"You will excuse, sare. I must request you to give me a word. You have passport?"

"Certainly," said Ziska, not without a slight quiver at the heart. "It is in my room in the hotel in my trunk. I do not carry it with

"Exactly, sare. It has been attended to. You will oblige me by coming a few steps with me."
"Of course not," said Ziska, a little angrily.
"Why should I go with you at all? I don't know

"Nevertheless, sare, you will go, or I must take you. I have a sledge here. General Dragonoffsky wishes to make your acquaint-

Ziska pushed away his new acquaintance with a sudden jerk and leaped back. His hand enter-ed his breast.

"Who the deuce is General Dragonoffsky? Stand off, sir. I don't know you." The fierce-looking officer smiled, and stepped up to him quite fearlessly.
"Do not do it, sare. It will be bad. General Dragonoffsky wishes to see you, I repeat."
"But who is General Dragonoffsky?" asked

Ziska, impatiently.

The officer shrugged his shoulders, compas

sionately.

"As if all the world did not know. He is the chief of the secret police, sare."

In a moment Ziska realized his danger in reg further. He took his hand from his

I am ready," he said. The officer gave a blast on a silver whistle, and up dashed a sledge, the counterpart of that of Peter Petrovitch. Ziska and his new acquaintance stepped in, and were soon skimming away down the Newsky Prospect, round a corner into the Katerinograd Oulitoa (Catherine street) and drew up at last in front of a large, gloomy building with two great-coated sentries at the

Ziska followed his conductor up-stairs, then down some corridors into a large room full of clerks in uniform, all apparently writing busily, till the big officer, who had removed his cap, tapped at a green baize door at the further end, and immediately entered, still with his arm linked in that of Ziska.

They say a second room as large as the first.

Imked in that of Ziska.

They saw a second room, as large as the first, and magnificently furnished, where a small officer, with a bald head and white mustache, sat at a desk writing. He looked up, and spoke

sat at a desk writing. He looked up, and spoke in French:

"Captain Vassilitsch, who have you there?"

"The Austrian spy, your excellency," said the big officer, promptly.

Ziska started, and burst out indignantly:

"I am no Austrian, and no spy, as you shall find out. I am an American, a man of letters, a writer. Send for my passport if you doubt it."

The little officer smiled blandly.
"Do not be angry, my friend. A mere formality. Give me your keys. Your trunk is

And he pointed out to Ziska, who stood dumb And he pointed out to ziska, who stood dumo-founded with amazement, his own trunk, which he had left at the hotel in the morning, but which stood close to the chair of the gene-ral, who was none other than the chief of Quite resignedly, Ziska handed out his keys.

He saw it was no use to struggle against this noiseless but merciless machine of arbitrary General Dragonoffsky calmly opened the trunk and began to search it.

The passport is at the top," said Ziska. "So I see," said the general, quietly, and he began to run over it in silence. Then he turned

Read out the abstract of this case, cap Vassilitsch pulled from his breast a folded

aper, and began:
"Ziska Hoffman, calls himself American, suspectd of being an Austro-Turkish spy. Came to St. Pereburg yesterday in company with one Alexis God), a Nihilist politician, suspected of entertainingsigns against the czar's life. Was seen to saluttee Emir Schamyl Schamylovitch, with a view to
koite a mutiny in the Cossacks of the guard."

He folded up the paper, and proceeded:
"To which I have to add that the prisoner carries secret weapons, and resisted arrest."
General Dragonoffsky smiled, and waved his

"You are a zealous officer, Captain Vassilitsch You can retire now. I wish to talk to this gen tleman alone."

Vassilitsch bowed low, and left the room

while the little general beckoned to Ziska.

"Sit down, monsieur, sit down. This is but a little warning to you of what trouble you may get into, if you do not conquer a foolish habit into which you have fallen. In Russia it is not safe to make friends of mujiks or merchants who have been abroad. You do not need to salute Circassian princes neither, especially in the present state of Europe. Now, monsieur, Vassilitsch is a good officer, but—I say it, now he is out—a great blockhead. It needs no great penetration to see that you are what your passwhile the little general beckoned to Ziska enetration to see that you are what your ort says, an American writer. You are port says, an American writer. You are free. At the same time, it is expected you will write ood accounts of Russia to this journal you car espond for. You understand. I should no espond for. You understand. I should vish you to be arrested a second time. night have this trunk sent to the Hotel de Rus sie. It is a better place than the Hotel de Belle Vue. Take a servant. One will come this afternoon. You will do well to employ him.

The little general touched a call-bell. Two nuge grenadiers made their appearance through a side door. The general spoke a few words in Russian, as he locked Ziska's trunk, and handed him the key. One grenadier caught up the trunk, another pointed to the door, and said:

Ziska looked at the general, and the little offiper was already buried in his writing, as if the American had been a thousand miles off. The correspondent shrugged his shoulders and left the room, following the grenadiers down a private staircase into a side street, where stood

The trunk was put in; Ziska followed, and a ervant in green livery, hitherto invisible, jumpon the box.
Hotel de Russie," said this individual, to the

driver, and away went the sledge.

Ziska Hoffman began to realize that he wa still under police surveillance, surrounded with

He had learned two things besides. One was that Ivanoff's real name was Gogol, and that he was a "nihilist," whatever that might be. The other was that Schamyl's Cossack orderly had cheated the whole Russian police, for they did not know anything of the note. As the thought crossed his mind the sledge

eached the hotel. (To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

A good sneeze will help a man wonderfully in pronouncing some of the Russian names. Try it on Kischeneff.

The Krooman's Vengeance.

BY C. D. CLARK.

WE were on the slave coast of Africa in the year '58, in the schooner La Esmerelda. She had been a slaver in her time, but falling into other hands and under another captain, she began to trade along the coast in gold and ivory.

The fact was that the English cruisers made it o hot for the slave trade that it didn't pay, and reckon the boys were glad that we wasn't rading in "black ebony" any longer. I was, for one, and I reckon there wasn't a man aboard, from the captain down—except one—that wasn't glad in his heart that we didn't have to watch night and day, creep up into the rivers for a cargo, and sneak out at night with three nundred groaning wretches chained down in

I said there was one—the first mate, San elson. He had been a slaver since the day he ame on board one of Da Sousa's ships as cabin-oy, until he cared no more for a darkey's feelboy, until he cared no more for a darkey's feelings than he did for a deer's or buffalo's. He was a hard man, tall and slim, with a face of iron and a heart of steel—not the man you or I would like to make an enemy of, by any means. Perfectly fearless, as far as that went, and ready to meet death like a man, if it came, but cruel and bloodthirsty if he had the best of it. Just the man Da Sousa liked—a man that wouldn't hesitate, when a cruiser pressed them hard, or the cholera got aboard in the Middle Passage, to toss the poor devils over the rail Passage, to toss the poor devils over the rail with the shackles on their feet, sooner than let the cruiser catch them with slaves aboard, or

ake the chances of cholera.

We chaps in the fo'ksel didn't like him very well, but he was a good sailor, and knew how to handle a ship, and there wasn't a man aboard that knew better than he the ways of this coast, and how to get safely into the lagunes and "I don't like this coast." he growled as we

ran into the bight of the great bay. "There's many a man here that would like to stick a knife into me, and I've got to take care."
"You've seen some deviltry in your time, eh,
Sam?" said our second mate, Mr. Lawton, with

Sam?" said our second mate, Mr. Lawton, with a light laugh.
"I reckon. I'll never forget, till I die, the girl that jumped overboard just about here. She was a Kroo, you understand, and I ought to have let her alone, but she was a likely-looking wench, and I knew we could take two thousand for her in Cuba. I'll never forget her husband's face as he saw the schooner go over the bar with the girl on deck. The mad fool chased us in his canoe, and I had to throw a round shot into the light craft and sink it. Then, when the woman saw that there was no hope, she just broke from the men that held her and jumped into the sea. She had irons on her hands, and went down like a shot."

broke from the men that held her and jumped into the sea. She had irons on her hands, and went down like a shot."

"By my soul!" said Mr. Lawton. "I'm mighty glad we ain't in that trade now."

"I don't look at it that way. A cargo of ebony is got easier than ivory and gold-dust, and there is more money in it, take it all round. There's the surf line, and I know it as I know New York harbor."

"Con the schooner. Sam!" ordered Captain

'Con the schooner, Sam!" ordered Captain "Con the schooner, Sam!" ordered Capain Dallas. "Jump into the forechains!"

The mate obeyed, and we sprung to the lines and braces. The surf was right before us, in one umbroken line, and straight for the whitest water the schooner was headed. For a moment the spray flew high about us, and then the mate cried out:

"Mainsel haul!"

We tugged away on the lines and the mainsail came aft. Then as the schooner lay over, we saw the bare brown rocks right under her forefoot. But Sam Nelson knew his business, and at the right moment the head of La Esmerelda fell off, and in five minutes more we were running along inside the surf line and let go the anchor in six fathoms of water. The chain had hardly stopped rattling, when out of the river, half a mile away, shot a dozen Kroo boats, coming down at a speed which beat anything I ever saw. And in less than half an hour the active fellows were clambering aboard, clamoring for grog, and eager to be of service.

"Break out a keg of rum and give them a drink all round, Sam," said Captain Dallas.
"Let's put them in good humor."

The order was obeyed, but all the time Sam Nelson was growling out that the captain ought Mainsel haul!"

The order was obeyed, but an the time Sam Nelson was growling out that the captain ought to clap the whole gang into the run and take French leave. If we had wanted a cargo of that kind, I don't know where we could have got a better lot than the hundred men now on deck, but our captain wasn't that kind of a nan, and the natives already understood that ne was after ivory, not slaves, and the smart cellows saw at a glance that they had nothing to ear from him. Then there arose a cry among

We looked toward the river, and saw a boat which had been a ship's long boat, pulled by eight rowers in fanciful garb, shooting out of the mouth of the river. In the stern, under a canopy of ostrich feathers, sat a tall, brown man of majestic appearance, "every inch a

king."
"Is that your king?" demanded Captain Dal-

Dat our king!" answered the Kroo. "Dat

Muchacha."

Captain Dallas stepped to the rail, the side lines were manned, and as the king's boat shot up to the side he was received according to his rank. I've seen people of all nations, and I know a man when I see him, and in all my time I never saw a more perfect specimen of a mar than Muchacha. He was over six feet in hight straight as an arrow, with a straight nose, ra-ther thin lips for one of his race, and a pair of piercing dark eyes. He wore a sort of Turkish rig, and a cloak of ostrich plumes, dyed in many colors. His head-dress was of the same feathers, and, taken all round, he was a right

royal king.
I saw Sam Nelson start and shiver as the African stepped upon the deck, for in the Kroo king he saw the husband of the woman who had died in the blue water beyond the surf years before. But, the king did not know him, for I saw him look Sam Nelson full in the face, and

saw him took Sain vieson that in the lace, and his countenance did not change in the least.

"Why are you here?" he said, turning to Captain Dallas, and speaking excellent English.

"You get no slaves here; Muchacha does not trade in the flesh and blood of his brothers."

"I do not seek slaves, king," was the reply.

"I am here for ivory and gold-dust."

"The part brother is volcome. I am rich in

"Then my brother is welcome. I am rich in ivory and gold-dust, and will freight your ship." The captain began to trade at once, and as a prelude made presents to the king and the principal men, a ceremony not to be omitted in barter with the African kings. Then the price of elephant tusks was fixed, and the king went away and the schooner ran into the river and came to anchor there, where she could land her

came to anchor there, where she could hand her cargo readily.

"He don't know me, Lawton," hissed Sam Nelson, through his set teeth. "If he had, I wouldn't give you a pinch of gold-dust for my life. Curse him! I hoped he was dead."

"Who is he, Sam?"

"The husband of that woman I told you cheek."

about. Don't dare to breathe it above your breath, for he would have my life."

We stayed there five days and traded. Every day men came in from distant villages, bringing ivory and gold-dust, and the captain paid for them in condemned muskets, six-cent calico, and powder that would have made a government in spector laugh, so harmless was it. The bulk didn't agree with the sample, you see. That which we gave them for use was good enough, but the kegs—by George! You might have tossed them into the blazing fire and it wouldn't have blown a humming-bird off a limb. But at last the king said he would trade no more, and the captain was satisfied, for he had not expect-

ed so much ivory from one place.

I had noticed one thing: the king was very kind to every one of the crew except Sam Nel-

son. He never spoke to him or looked at him, and the mate was not very much at ease. Most of the time he spent on board, and avoided the king as much as possible. At last the captain announced that the next day the schooner would sail, and that they only waited for the final parade of the king's troops, and a great feast, before they left.

At midday the sound of gongs and wild-clashing cymbals was heard, and out of the green forest behind the barracoon marched the army of King Muchacha. First came two hundred Amazons, armed with spear and shield, their hair braided in fantastic fashion, and their eyes gleaming like lights below.

Then, borne in a palanquin, came the king,

the valley had turned the water aside into another channel; and all hurried away to inquire into the mystery.

A moment later Mountain Tom felt a soft hand feeling over him, and then his bonds dropped from his aching limbs.

"Come now, Mountain Tom," said a soft voice; "hurry, before they get you again."

Tom arose and followed his deliverer, who proved to be that same little fairy that had appeared unto him in camp.

eyes gleaming like lights below.

Then, borne in a palanquin, came the king, with his favorite wife beside him. They were carried upon the shoulders of twenty strong men, who advanced with a swinging step, proud of the burden which they bore. Behind them marched eight hundred native warriors, in all the pride rooms and circumstance of savage the pride, pomp and circumstance of savage warfare. We stood looking at them with de-light as they marched to and fro, after the kin-had been set down near us. The Amazons counnad been set down near us. The Amazons countermarched and came past us, when I saw the king suddenly lay his hand upon the shoulder of the mate. As if it had been a signal, the Amazons wheeled, and seizing the unfortunate man in his arms, the king sprung in among the femals we writers.

"Black-hearted dog!" he hissed. "I have

The native warriors formed a square about sam Nelson and the king, while we, in utter astonishment, looked at them expecting to see

"Listen!" cried the king, extending his brown hand. "Years ago, when I was young, I took a wife who was beautiful as the morning. This slaver, this dog, enticed her on board his This slaver, this dog, enticed her on board his ship and then put irons on her hands, to make her a slave. But she, preferring death, sprung into the sea and died before my eyes. I have prayed to my God to send the wretch back to me, and when I saw him yonder I knew that my prayer had been heard. As for you, who are good men, we are friends; but this dog dies!"

are good men, we are friends; but this dog dies!"

"Help, captain!" screamed Sam Nelson.
"Don't let the black dog murder me."
What could we do? Twenty men, and few of them bearing arms, were no match for a thousand blacks. Captain Dallas attempted to plead for his mate, but the king waved him back.

"Talk to the winds and the waves, the trees and the rocks; they may hear you; but ask not Muchacha to spare the life of this man. My ears are stopped by the death-cry of my wife."
He made a signal, and Sam Nelson was dragged down to the king's boat, which lay on the sand. We saw the boat push out of the river to a distance of perhaps a hundred yards from shore, containing the king, four oarsmen, two gigantic women and the prisoner. Every movement was plainly apparent from the shore, and we could see them lift him up and clasp a pair of handcuffs, which the king had traded for, upon his wrists. Then, thundering across the sea, came the tremendous voice of the king:

"As Maratta died, so die you! This is Muchacha's vengeance!"

There came a shriek of agony from the lips of

"As Maratta ded, so die you! This is Muchacha's vengeance!"

There came a shriek of agony from the lips of Sam Nelson, and we saw him struggling in the air, upheld by the two gigantic women. Then came a loud splash, a single horrible, gurgling cry, and that was the last of Sam Nelson. The king came back, calm, but determined.

"My friends," he said, "I have avenged my wife. Go, when you will; never shall harm come to you at the hands of Muchacha and his men."

We sailed before night, but as the schooner bassed over the spot where the mate went down here was not one among us who could say that, terrible as the king's vengeance had been, Sam Nelson did not deserve his fate.

Mountain Tom's Oath.

BY OLL COOMES.

THE glow of a camp-fire by the side of a little stream that came bubbling down the mountain, shone full upon the handsome face of Mountain Tom, as he stood in the attitude of in-

ense listening.
"Dashed if I don't believe these diggings are naunted," he mused, thoughtfully. "I am sure I heard something, so I think I had better put out my fire for fear of trouble. They say the

there are Indians in the vicinity; and Moun-

tain Tom is in danger,"
"Great Columbia!" burst from the lips of
the astonished young hunter, "what does this
mean? Who are you that knows me? An angel

"Simply a friend," she answered; "but put out your light," and with a wave of the hand e disappeared.

Mountain Tom uttered a low, soft whistle.

Gone, by mercy!" he exclaimed, "and with goes my heart. I'll swear she was the pret her goes my heart. I'll swear she was the pret-tiest girl I ever saw. Dast the luck!" He put out his fire by raking, the while, into the little stream with his moccasined foot.

under the darkness, he listened and

The waving pines rustled their robes in the preath of the summer night, and the little eascade at his feet sung its unvarying, mellow For full five minutes Mountain Tom stood

silent and undecided. The lovely mai had filled his breast with strange emotions. could not dismiss her from his thoughts. In mind arose the questions: who was she? and where did she belong? where did she belong?

The sound of footsteps cut short his meditations. A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulders, and a fiendish voice hissed:

"At last, my gay cavalier!"
Then strong arms pinioned his, and he was hurled violently to the earth.

A savage yell arose on the night.

Mountain Tom knew his enemies, Jubal Krayfoot, a white renegade, and his Cheyenne followers.

Months before our hero had cause to knock Jubal down for insulting a woman in Denver, and since that time the renegade had dogged the young mountaineer's footsteps for

He knew there was no mercy in the villain's heart, and that death only would release him from savage torture.

Jubal Krayfoot stood for all of an hour gloat-

g over the capture of his enemy.

Afar off in the distant valley, the lights, twinkling in the quiet town, mocked the helpssness of the prisoner.

"And now for a punishment that will eclipse the martyrs'," said the renegade; and Moun-tain Tom was lashed to a log, and then both og and man carried to the little cascade, and aced in the stream under the falling water Then began a torture that human nature co not long endure. The water, ice-cold, falling upon his head, chilled him to the very marrow, nd soon produced a pain more terri any that could have been devised by the Roman

The clear twang of a horn came leaping down the mountain.

The renegade and his red followers started

aghast, for they were superstitious.

The fall of the cascade became hushed, the murmur of the water ceased, and the little stream

Krayfoot trembled with fear, for he believed the vengeance of God was near. He crept to the edge of the stream and placed his hand in it to assure himself that it had suddenly ceased to be a flowing stream. He started up when he The villain and his followers listened. They heard the fall of water off behind them, as though a stream had suddenly started into existence there. With this discovery they gathered courage. They believed that some one up found no water there.

still throbbing.

He descended a flight of steps into a dark, dismal cavern. The girl came after him and then closed the entrance by a door that swung upward and closed with a snap.

The next instant Tom heard the rush of water over the door, and felt a few cold drops fall upon his hand. He knew by this that the stream had, by some mysterious means, been turned back into its channel and was now rushing over the door of the covern.

proved to be that same have that years have peared unto him in camp.

She led the way along the now empty stream, and in a few moments came to an opening in the very bed of the water-course.

"Enter," she said, and Tom obeyed, scarcely aware of what he was doing, for his brain was still therebying.

ing over the door of the cavern.

It was an ingenious hiding-place, but who were the occupants? Tom asked himself, as he stood shivering in his wet garments.
"You are safe now from the Indians, Mountain Tom," the maiden said, when she had closed the door; "the water will hide our

"But am I safe from—from other enemies?"

the young mountaineer asked.
"Upon one condition," exclaimed the gruff
voice of a man, and a dark-lantern was opened
and flashed into his face, the light nearly blind-

ing him.

When Tom's eyes became accustomed to the dazzling glare, he started back at sight of the man before him.

"My God! it is Roderic, the Outlaw of the

"My God! it is Roderic, the Outlaw of the Mines!" he exclaimed.

"The same," replied the man whose name had long been a terror and his hiding-place a mystery; "and now, sir, if you'll forfeit me your life as the price of my betrayal you can go hence. That is, if you'll agree that I may have your life, if you tell what you know of me and my secret retreat, I'll set you at liberty. You know me well enough not to trifle with me. If it hadn't been for Zouida I would never have permitted you in here. But she is our only pet, and we like to favor her whims, though the foolish girl has seen you passing here often enough to fall in love with you, I'm a—"

"Father," said the fair young girl, reprovingly.

ingly.
"Do you promise me what I ask?" continued the Outlaw.

the Outlaw.

"I promise you by all that is sacred," replied Tom. "I would be ungrateful if I did not do so, on account of your brave little daughter."

"Ha! ha! I'm afraid you're in love, too, Mountain Tom. But, you shall go from here free; but remember, you owe your life to Zouida."

"Mou Heaven bless how" said Tow.

May Heaven bless her!" said Tom. In two hours the young mountaineer was con-ducted from the cavern by the same way he had entered. The water had again been turned aside before the door was opened, by means of aside before the door was opened, by means of some internal arrangements; and as soon as Tom was outside and the door closed the stream was turned back, and no passing eye would ever have detected the presence of the door there in the bed of the little stream.

Tom made his way homeward, pondering over his night's adventure, and with the seal of silence upon his lips.

over his hight's adventure, and with the sear of silence upon his lips.

Months went by. Roderic, the Outlaw, came and went, but no one could trace him to his home. And no wonder, for the very stream flowing over the door of his retreat flowed through the distant town where he was most formed a trail that none could followed. feared, and formed a trail that none could fol-Ofttimes Tom lingered up in the mountains in

Ofttimes Tom lingered up in the mountains in hopes of getting a glimpse of that fair little creature shut away from the joys and sunlight of the world, in that dismal cavern.

The name of Roderic became a terror in the mines and there were few men that dared to cross his path, for he often turned up when least expected. But one night the desperado went down to Denver and was killed in a drunken brawl.

orawl.
With the sad news of his death, Mountain

With the sad news of his death, Mountain Tom set off alone to find Zouida, and offer her his love and protection. The sun was just gild-ing the distant mountain-tops when he arrived in the vicinity of the Outlaw's retreat. With a heavy heart the young mountaineer approached the entrance to the cavern, where a ht that sent a chill to his heart and sickened is soul met his gaze. The door of the cavern ad been burst down while the water was still in the channel. The cavern was filled to over-lowing, and in the doorway floated a corpse with long, flossy tresses, and a girlish face di-vinely beautiful even in death.

Ripples.

WHAT the Prince of Wales remarked to his oyal mother in regard to the Eastern question: Oh! Mameluke.

views is very tired of his partners, and most anxious to change them. A "COUNT MITKICIVICZ" drives a milkwagon in Geneva, N. Y., and every gall-on his

THE gentleman who was wedded to his own

oute is dead in love with him. A CHILD being asked what were the three reat feasts of the Jews, promptly replied: Breakfast, dinner and supper.

WHEN the sultan avows his readiness to walk right up to the cannon's mouth, he talks like the true Muzzleman, that he is. An exchange says: "A good lawver is always on the watch for a client."

watch" is good. It refers to his "huntingcases," you understand. Some unprincipled scientist has discovered a new and improved variety of cockroach in Florida, and bestowed upon it the name of

Periplaneta Australasia. A GREAT philosopher says: "In the economy of nature nothing is lost. The inside of an orange may refresh one man, while the out-

side of the same fruit may serve as a medium for breaking another man's leg." A WITTY French lady who was an "adopted" nember of a famous military corps, when a eigar was lighted in her presence with the re-

mark, "I suppose they smoke in your regi-ment?" said, "Yes, but not in my company." It remained for Professor Reese, of Chicago, to discover that Solomon was a bad gram marian. And probably there are thirty-nine millions of people in the country who have for years been deluded with the idea that Solo-

mon was a pretty good writer. A young lady at Holyoke who tried to cure a sore throat recently by wrapping it in raw liver on going to bed, was awakened in the night by a huge rat that was lunching from the liver, and she concluded that, of the two, she

preferred sore throat. COURTSHIP is a very simple matter in the Andaman Islands. The bridegroom eats a certain kind of rayfish, which gives him the appellation of "bachelor desirous of marrying When he is ready to take a wife, he sits beside marriageable maiden and stares at her. Then the bride's father or guardian joins the hands of the pair, and they disappear from the village, plunging into the depths of the forest,

and remaining away several days.